A TRUTH
Scarcely any one reads an ad the first time he sees it with sufficient care to remember much about it. Hence the fate of ads that appear but once.

COLORADO SPRINGS GAZETTE.

NUMBER 4590

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., SUNDAY, MAY 31, 1891.—EIGHT PAGES.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IF YOU LIKE THE GAZETTE to-day, why not try it every Sunday? The price of The Sunday Gazette is $2.50 per year. It is the best Sunday paper in Colorado.

MEMORIAL DAY.

[illegible] Generally Observed Throughout the Country

HONOR TO THE HEROIC DEAD

[illegible] Grant's [illegible] at Gettysburg

[illegible]

[illegible] graves in the cemeteries [illegible] were covered with flowers.

[illegible] A number of [illegible] were present [illegible] Governor [illegible] read the oration.

COMMANDER AND COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: As the [illegible] worshipper [illegible] he enters the [illegible] a holy place [illegible] himself of his workday garments [illegible] they profane it with their [illegible] tombs of the mighty dead of [illegible]

These are the shrines of American patriotism. At them, above all other places, are we moved to reflection on the blessings we enjoy and inspired to reverence and patriotism towards the government under which we live. Our system is so free from all form [illegible] about the powers that be [illegible] reverence for our representatives in [illegible] has little place in our hearts, and the [illegible] of other people to their rulers [illegible] our sense of equality, or amuses us [illegible] With us all men are deemed [illegible] equal, in fact, that while [illegible] we indulge in unrestrained criticism of our public men, often extending [illegible] for their [illegible] station. We have [illegible] favored class to whom repeated trials [illegible] given or whose blunders are concealed or condoned. We open the lists to every [illegible] Yet the tests which we impose [illegible] and we are merciless in judgment. With us, the stumbler seldom rises, and is [illegible] trampled into the dust of oblivion by [illegible] Many there be who, after life's hard struggle, [illegible] the final account into the mass of [illegible] obscurity. Few there be who can earn the [illegible] honors which republics bestow after [illegible] tombs, a monument [illegible] their names as examples. To the memory [illegible] their equal fellow citizens in life, [illegible] people bring such tribute of love and tenderness and reverence as vassal never [illegible] for master. Death leaves us nothing but their greatness. To it may we do homage without self-abasement. We cannot mar it [illegible] bloodying ambition or pride.

Hither we come, heart hungry for the only [illegible] where we may express gratitude to [illegible] providence, and testify to our country [illegible] our patriotic love unalloyed by even the appearance of obeisance to a living ruler. [illegible] the tomb of the great, the American [illegible] draws his inspiration from the fountain [illegible] for high resolve and mighty deed [illegible] he may pledge his fealty to principles, without transmitting it through any representative.

In this tomb lies one whose great qualities [illegible] whose magnanimity, whose patience [illegible] steadfastness of purpose, whose loyalty to every obligation, whose capacity for [illegible] in the highest offices in the [illegible] military and civic, have placed his [illegible] among the most remarkable men [illegible] The theatre of his career was only the United States of America [illegible] most dramatic episodes of his life were [illegible] character [illegible] of one of the [illegible] divided people. Yet even on that [illegible] himself that the whole [illegible] watched him, and when his work was [illegible] proclaimed him to be of the stamp [illegible] greatness rarely developed and of a [illegible] blended with such qualities of man [illegible] to be held up as an example to the world.

The World! How vast the term. How [illegible] and how busy with their own concerns are the far off millions of other [illegible] How unimportant their struggles [illegible] things on which our thoughts [illegible] How unknown to us the names of their leaders. How uninteresting [illegible] are we to them? Many of our so-called great are never heard of beyond the limits of our narrow land and indeed soon forgotten even by our [illegible] When the cold selfish world [illegible] which is moved by no local sentiment [illegible] proclaims the greatness of a [illegible] within itself [illegible] of its justice. It is no judgment [illegible] it cares nothing for the [illegible] controversy, but it means that in the [illegible] the world has seen that touch [illegible] which makes the whole world [illegible] hailed his preeminent qualities of [illegible] him to the admiration [illegible] Charlatans may deceive a state, [illegible] continent, but the impostor has [illegible] could delude a world. Its [illegible] is above prejudice. Its vision is [illegible] local influence. Its judgment is [illegible] The man is surely great whose [illegible] world wide. And such was Ulysses [illegible]

[illegible] today an Arab stroking his steed [illegible] palms by the solitary fountain, [illegible] the greatness of Grant. There [illegible] tending in their own [illegible] There are American Indians, [illegible] fires [illegible] imagination the work of a man [illegible] There are Egyptians, [illegible] and Vicksburg [illegible] far off Mississippi. There are [illegible] half illumined minds struggling [illegible] the strength and tenderness the [illegible] so strongly [illegible] great character. There are [illegible] whom his [illegible] will not be lost.

[illegible]

[illegible] the man whose memory we [illegible] We know his history [illegible] We were [illegible] in which he emerged [illegible] central figure [illegible] We saw [illegible] the hour [illegible] strife. We saw him on the [illegible] fraternity. We saw him in [illegible] We watched and [illegible] the hour of his weakness, until [illegible] And now we [illegible] after full time for [illegible]

[illegible] venture to picture what [illegible] of [illegible] his great [illegible] was when he was our victor. When? Why? How? It [illegible] It is true that [illegible] the vanquished are not [illegible] the magnanimous. Yet this I say, [illegible] that it is true. [illegible] and the Confederate soldier, [illegible] of war, there was ever a feeling [illegible] respect, and much that was akin [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] has passed [illegible]

I had to pay the tribute [illegible] Riverside [illegible] Grant [illegible] hearts are large [illegible] asked us to forget our [illegible]

Our voluntary presence here to-day [illegible] memory of Grant [illegible] If we can [illegible] his ghost would beckon us away. On many a well contested field Grant and Lee and those who followed them came to know each other well and to feel for each other the respect which every brave man entertains for an adversary who has the courage of his convictions. All that Grant contended for was established. All that Lee maintained failed of accomplishment. Every sensible citizen of this republic now acquiesces cheerfully in the result. It is certain that many thousands of the Confederate veterans are today as affectionately loyal to the Federal government as if th[illegible]

We come as men who feel that time has taught all citizens of this republic that they honor themselves in honoring this great American. Passion has subsided sufficiently to let us see him as he was, greater than any part of [illegible] country [illegible] fame belongs to all his fellow-citizens.

As to our own beloved commander, it may be that the time will never come when men who sustained the union cause can reconcile it to their sense of loyalty to do public honor to his memory. Far be it from me to urge that course upon you.

We who followed him and loved him seek not to share our veneration for his memory with any one who is unwilling. It may be that his name and fame will be left to us as all our own. Yet, it will be strange, passing strange, it will reverse all history in the past, if with the American love of valor, of honor, self sacrifice and humility, your grandchildren, when the bitterness of our day has been forgotten, shall deny their share in the name and fame of him whose sword so often and so gallantly crossed that of Grant, and never lowered its point to any foe but him, or yielded save to the power of overwhelming numbers and resources—one who, when he ceased to fight, accepted the result in cheerfulness and displayed the same manhood, sincerity and humility which make us honor Grant as great.

Still be this as it may here stand the old Confederate veterans at Grant's grave no longer as sectional partisans, not as his vanquished [illegible] irreconcilable foes but with new hope and new pride and the ambition of citizens of the whole republic claiming full share in the glories of Grant, and title to do honor to his memory.

Do the dead look down on us? It must be so. What joy of Elysium could compare with that experienced by the dead warrior as looking down upon the land for which he died he beholds it [illegible] with peace, prosperity and fraternity [illegible] Can we look up to them? With mortal vision—No. Yet, in imagination—Yes, indeed! And this, my brethren of the North and South, is the vision which I saw of late.

Through the open portals of the Great Beyond I saw the boundless plains of Walhalla—where, far as the eye can reach, were spread the snowy tents of ghostly legions ranged beneath the banner of eternal peace. I heard the booming of Heaven's artillery, the strains of celestial bands, and the hoarse roar of shouting thousands.

Here and there, out of the hurrying hosts, stood out the faces of the Long Ago, young and fresh, as we knew them when they volunteered, the cruel scars all gone—the blood stains washed away. Now and again, came forth clarion voices of command, voices silent since we heard them on the beleaguered line of Petersburg or in the bloody angle of Spottsylvania, voices which startle the doting memory, and make the old heart leap, if but for one throb, with the pulse of a long dead youth.

I saw and heard them all. Just as we knew them. Your brothers and ours. Your old generals and ours. No longer arrayed in opposing ranks but side by side, as brothers.

Once again I heard the steady tramp and saw the wheel and flash of marching thousands [illegible] On a sunny slope [illegible] beneath a streaming standard fanned by supernal breezes, I saw assembled the [illegible] staff of the Army of Peace.

There sat Grant on Egypt and by his side was Lee on Traveler, the same Grant and Lee we knew of old save that the lines of strife and care were smoothed away. Clustered around them in fraternal groups were all our early [illegible] There were Sedgwick and Reynolds and Wadsworth—Albert Sydney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson and [illegible] Cleburne. There were McPherson and Phil Kearney. There were Garnett and Armistead with their Gettysburg smile—there were the Pegrams standing near to [illegible] Hancock and Breckinridge [illegible] Bragg and McClellan—Thomas and Hood—Stuart and Sheridan. This was the [illegible] Thus were they mingling in indiscriminate fraternity.

[illegible] ferry where the river of Time is crossed, where so long ago, Stonewall Jackson crossed over and rested [illegible] escort advancing—up the lines it came surrounding two aged warriors walking arm in arm. From right to left [illegible] dying away along the lines [illegible] thrill of the olden days [illegible] Sherman and Johnston passed on to [illegible] their long lost hosts.

Then there was [illegible] expectant stillness as the Great [illegible] spoke [illegible]

[illegible]

By the clear light of truth [illegible]

[illegible] fraternal strife [illegible] gloom [illegible] Sherman and [illegible]

It was I who [illegible]

It was [illegible]

[illegible]

Let us have Peace.

At last the boon is granted to our brethren in the land for which we died!"

As [illegible] unutterable [illegible] statesman [illegible] of the throng—as the heavens were shaken with thundering salvos mingled with mighty [illegible]—the vision passed away. I awoke an old man on the spot where I had been young; alone, on a highway which had been thronged—yet filled with the joy of that [illegible]

May it linger with the old soldiers of the North and South till they realize its true significance. May its contemplation fill their hearts with Hope, Faith and Charity—and the greatest of these is Charity."

The day was generally observed throughout the state and in New Jersey.

Governor Hill was [illegible] at this afternoon [illegible]

[illegible]

OTHER OBSERVANCES

[illegible]

LEADVILLE OBSERVANCE

LEADVILLE, Colo., May 30.—Memorial day was appropriately observed in the city of the Clouds. The public buildings were closed all day while all stores closed at noon. The day is beautiful and the streets are thronged with people, there being also a large number of visitors. At Evergreen cemetery hundreds of people are decorating the graves of their beloved ones. Never before in the history of Leadville has there been such general decorating as today. Quite a number of very beautiful floral offerings were sent up by Denver people having friends buried in this city.

The exercises of the day began at 2 o'clock when the big parade formed for the cemetery. Hon. Caldwell Yeaman of Trinidad delivered the oration of the day. A pleasing [illegible] eight new marble tombstones by the G. A. R. over the graves of their sleeping comrades.

A PROCESSION AT ASPEN

ASPEN, Colo., May 30.—The observance of Memorial day was general here, all public and private business being suspended. Promptly at 10 o'clock the procession started with fully 1000 people in line, more than hundred of this number being school children. The floral offerings were beautiful and appropriate.

THE DAY AT KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, May 30.—A slightly clouded sky, a gentle breeze, and an atmosphere free from oppressive heat is the condition of Decoration day at Kansas City. At 8 o'clock this morning McPherson post decorated the graves of their dead comrades at Elmwood cemetery, while at the same hour George H. Thomas post, assisted by Farragut post, commemorated the day at Union cemetery. At each cemetery the strewing of flowers was preceded and accompanied by singing, reading of the Grand Army memorial ritual and appropriate addresses. At 1:30 p.m. a large parade was formed at the corner of Fourteenth street and Grand avenue. The line of march was through the principal streets to [illegible] park, [illegible] at 4 o'clock an elaborate programme of music and speechmaking was carried out. Business throughout the city was generally suspended.

A CELEBRATION AT CINCINNATI

CINCINNATI, May 30.—Decoration day was observed as a holiday. The Grand Army posts and Sons of Veterans marched to the depot in the morning and took cars to Spring Grove cemetery where the Grand Army [illegible] the soldiers' graves, and orations and singing accompanied the strewing of flowers over the graves.

VICE PRESIDENT MORTON'S ADDRESS.

RHINEBECK, N. Y., May 30.—This being the home of Vice-president Morton, he presided at the memorial services. The exercises consisted largely of a service of song and the clergy of the place participated. In a brief address the vice-president said:

The great Republic is to-day the marvel of the world. To speak of only one of the five new states, less familiar to us here whose senators have recently entered the senate of the United States, the greatest forum of debate in the world—the state of Montana is larger than the empire of Turkey. The state of Texas is larger than the whole Austrian empire by 25,000 square miles and the territory of New Mexico is larger than Great Britain and Ireland together.

My [illegible] Republicans and Democrats, patriots all, as in every succeeding year we decorate the graves of our heroes let us thank God for the rich legacy of freedom and nationality they and the fathers of the republic have bequeathed to us and remember that all this coming millions will rise up and call them blessed.

INDIANAPOLIS CEREMONIES.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., May 30.—Decoration day here was appropriately observed. The Grand Army of the Republic, Sons of Veterans [illegible] at Crown Hill cemetery where ritualistic services were held. In the afternoon Governor [illegible] delivered an address.

HARTFORD OBSERVANCES

HARTFORD, Conn., May 30.—Memorial day was generally observed here, banks, public offices and many stores being closed while the usual decoration of soldiers' graves was [illegible] this afternoon by the Grand Army posts and the Sons of Veterans. Flags were displayed at half mast all over the city.

IN KANSAS.

KANSAS CITY, May 30.—The Star's Topeka special says reports from all parts of the state [illegible] Grand Army posts show the Decoration day is being more generally observed in Kansas than ever before. Business [illegible] practically suspended.

Blaine is Feeling Much Better

[illegible] N. Y., May [illegible] appears this morning. He said he was feeling [illegible] better.

TWO MORE DAYS.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Secretary Blaine went out driving twice today. He looked well and enjoyed [illegible] Preparations are being made for his departure Monday morning for Bar Harbor.

A Revolution in Hayti

[illegible] May 30.—A cable message has been received at the Haytian legation here announcing that a revolution had broken out at Port au Prince, Hayti. The dispatch adds that a state of siege has been proclaimed at Port au Prince. A French [illegible] has been sent to the scene of the disturbance.

Killed at the Crossing

DENVER, May 30.—David O'Day, 61 years of age, was run over by a Union Pacific switch engine and instantly killed this morning on Sixteenth street. O'Day was employed as street sweeper at the crossing. He leaves a wife and two or three children in very poor circumstances.

Public Debt Increase

WASHINGTON, May 30.—The May debt statement to be issued on Monday will show an apparent increase of $3,500,000 in the debt since the first instant.

OUR CABLE LETTERS

Items of Interest from European Capitals

BERLIN AND LONDON NEWS

[illegible] Parnell's [illegible] the New [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the result of the [illegible] sort of justification of the theory [illegible]

The expectation that [illegible] would prove [illegible] Conservatives [illegible] North Buckingham [illegible] Conservative headquarters right up to the day of polling, seem to have given the idea that the election of the Conservative candidate by a small but sufficient majority was assured. Naturally enough the Conservative managers in London are now asking themselves, as the reports from the localities which have been tested have been so misleading, whether they can rely on the sanguine estimates of the local agents in other parts of the country and whether the Conservative reaction, the existence of which in theory has so nearly brought about a general election, is not altogether a figment. The main result of the disappointment of the ministerialists has been to bring to the fore the old Tory element which is much stronger at the party clubs than in the house. The Tories are now calling peremptorily for the abandonment of the educational bill. It is in their eyes a radical measure which has been forced upon Lord Salisbury by Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain, which has failed entirely in the matter of purchasing votes, and which the government would do well to throw back into the Radical repertory as soon as possible. Once more, Mr. Goschen, after a brief spell of general popularity, is in danger of becoming the best abused man in the government in all places where Conservatives congregate. A [illegible] who has been one of the firmest [illegible] of the Conservatives of recent years, said last night that he trusted that a general election would [illegible] and the government be defeated as he would much prefer supporting an honest Conservative opposition of twenty men to seeing a Conservative majority in parliament, merely carrying out the dictates of Birmingham."

In Ireland the signs of Mr. Parnell's discomfiture are growing more and more visible every day. The national League is almost dead. Its funds are about exhausted and no money comes in to replenish the treasury. On the other hand not only have the McCarthyites, or as it is called, in Ireland the Home Rule party, the fixed organization of the priests on their side, but the federation is growing and expanding and its power is spreading throughout the whole country.

The French chamber of deputies is going ahead as rapidly as possible with the tariff, following almost without variation the recommendation of the committee. The tax on pork is intended to be as nearly prohibitory as possible of the American article, without provoking retaliation. Indeed it is admitted to be for the express purpose of [illegible] American pork, the United States being the only country that exports pork to France in any large quantities, but the advocates of high protection for the French pig uttered the hope that by not naming the American product they would not bring France within the retaliatory provisions of the McKinley law. In other respects also the protective element is carrying everything before it, much to the injury of British commerce with France, and in England it is proposed to retaliate by a higher duty on French brandies. There is little doubt that this will be done. Meantime, Germany and Austria are going ahead to draw other continental nations, excepting France, into a vast reciprocity arrangement that, while affording protection to industry, will facilitate commercial intercourse. Switzerland has already consented informally to join the arrangement and Italy and Holland are expected to. Belgium is already practically a free trade country.

Austria and Hungary are joining in the outcry against the inundation of Russian and Polish Jews, driven from their homes by Russian barbarity. Prominent Jews and friendly newspapers in those countries are protesting against the addition of tens of thousands of destitute people to the population of an empire where their presence can only add to the hardship already borne by the native Jews. The Jewish-Hungarian poet, [illegible] who is highly respected throughout Hungary says that for every one of those wretched ignorant and uncivilized creatures who land in London or Liverpool, ten are marching over the Carpathians into upper Hungary, whence they soon descend upon the cities and fall victims to sweaters.

It is now believed in British government circles that the threat of the Chilian insurgents to bombard Valparaiso was never intended to be carried out, but was offered with a view of leading European governments [illegible] Balmaceda to make peace. If this was the plan, it has failed. England will not interfere except upon imminent peril of bombardment, and then only to prevent rebels from destroying the property of the British subjects.

The Newfoundlanders have won a victory that can hardly fail to be gratifying to the [illegible] they have chiefly to thank their own firmness and partly also the stubborn opposition of the French to the British policy in Egypt, which has at length begun to excite the bile of the phlegmatic Briton. The insult to the British flag on the queen's birthday capped the climax as evidence that the Newfoundlanders meant defiance and it would have involved the certain downfall of the government had Lord Salisbury used the British army and navy to coerce a British colony in support of the obnoxious French.

Nearly all the ministers are giving grand dinners tonight in honor of the queen's recent birthday. Lord and Lady Salisbury hold a state reception at the foreign office after their banquet. All the high notables are in attendance. The celebration of the event is general throughout England. Troops everywhere put through dress parade and salutes fired in honor of the occasion.

The London Standard commenting on the Jewish persecution and Baron Hirsch's plans, declares that the latter are both difficult and inadequate. Russia's treatment of the Hebrews, says the Standard, constitutes a colossal crime, unparalleled in history. The result will be that the civilized world will be obliged to receive the helpless outcasts. Though England and America would fain be relieved of the burden they will, in the name

[illegible]

The [illegible] Manufacturing company at [illegible] thrown into bankruptcy [illegible] in an asylum.

THE BERLIN LETTER

[Copyright 1891 by the New York Associated Press.]

BERLIN, May 30.—Emperor William before deciding on a reduction or a temporary suspension of the duties on grain asked Dr. Von Boetticher, secretary of the imperial home office, to submit to him a report upon the crop prospects and upon the general economic position bearing upon the question. The ministerial council will meet tomorrow to take definite action touching the matter. The ministers maintain the utmost reserve but it is the official conviction that there will be neither a reduction nor a suspension of the duties before the commercial treaty between Germany and Austria Hungary comes in force. The Cologne Gazette states that the government will declare its decision on Monday. Lobby gossip has it that the landtag will fix the opening of a special session of the reichstag for June but this report is in direct defiance to the [illegible] official [illegible] The organs of the agrarian party generally deny that there is any present necessity for dealing with the tariff but admit reluctantly that there is a possibility that the government will be compelled to intervene. The position may be summed up as follows: If the ministers declare that a semi-famine is near [illegible] party will dare to oppose measures of relief.

BASE BALL

Western Association.

DENVER-KANSAS CITY.

KANSAS CITY, May 30.—The champions won both games from Denver to-day, making four straights. The morning game was a lucky one for the home team. They won on White's ragged fielding in the sixth inning. McGarr got mad at one of Collins' decisions in the sixth inning and threw the ball at the umpire while the latter's back was turned. Collins fined him and fired him, McClellan taking his place.

The afternoon game was won by the champions by hard hitting. They knocked Keefe out of the box and then pounded McNabb all over the lot. Stearns' record of six times at the bat and six hits and Foster's slugging and Gunson's home run were the features. Collins' umpiring was as bad as usual. The score:

MORNING GAME.

Kansas City	0	0	2	1	0	3	0	1	1—8
Denver	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	1—5

AFTERNOON GAME.

Kansas City	3	0	3	2	0	0	2	6	3—19
Denver	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0—4

LINCOLN-OMAHA.

OMAHA, May 30.—The Omahas redeemed themselves by playing an errorless game this afternoon and earning a hard fought victory. Baker's work in the box was phenomenal in his twirling and fielding. The Lincolns made one hit in each inning except the ninth. The morning game scheduled for today was postponed on account of wet grounds. Score: Omaha, 5, Lincoln, 3.

MINNEAPOLIS-SIOUX CITY.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 30.—Minneapolis won two games here to-day by good hard hitting. Mitchell was touched up in the morning game but in the afternoon Duke was invincible. Of the three made two were scratches. Morning game, score: Minneapolis, 10; Sioux City, 6. Afternoon game: Minneapolis, 19, Sioux City, 3.

MILWAUKEE-ST. PAUL.

MILWAUKEE, May 30.—Milwaukee won the morning game from St. Paul today with the greatest ease. Score: Milwaukee, 16; St. Paul, 6.

The afternoon game was hotly contested and was a tie up to the ninth inning, when the home men pounded out four runs. Score: Milwaukee, 10; St. Paul, 4.

National League.

PHILADELPHIA-CHICAGO.

PHILADELPHIA, May 30.—The Chicagos and Phillies played two games here to-day. The morning was close and exciting, the home club winning by one run. The Phillies had to shift pitchers in each game, the Chicagos pounded both Thornton and Gleason pretty hard in the afternoon game. Score: Philadelphia 4, Chicago 3; Philadelphia 7, Chicago 12.

NEW YORK-CLEVELAND.

NEW YORK, May 30.—J. Ewing's pitching was the principal feature in the game this morning. He was supported in great shape, the fielding being of the first order. The New Yorks got two runs in the first inning. Hard hitting and Viau's error in the ninth inning gave the New Yorks another run. Attendance 4000. The score: New York, 6; Cleveland, 3. Afternoon: New York, 3; Cleveland, 0.

BROOKLYN-PITTSBURG.

BROOKLYN, May 30.—The home team came near being shut out without a run in the morning game. Reilly's fumble in the eighth inning allowed them to score one run. It was the only error made by the visitors. [illegible] hit Galvin hard at [illegible] but there was always a fielder under the ball when it came down. The Brooklyns played a good fielding game but the Smoky City boys were fortunate in hitting the ball into safe territory. Score: Brooklyn, 1; Pittsburg, 7.

Afternoon game: The Brooklyns turned the tables on the Pittsburgs in their game this afternoon. Terry and Baldwin were the opposing pitchers. While the visitors hit Terry quite freely at times, the Brooklyns' fielding stopped any scoring by the Natural Gas villagers. Attendance 10,000. Score: Brooklyn, 5; Pittsburg, 0.

American Association.

At Cincinnati: Morning game: Cincinnati, 2; Baltimore, 9. Afternoon game: Cincinnati, 3; Baltimore, 2.

At St. Louis: Morning game: St. Louis, 17; Athletic, 2. Afternoon game: St. Louis, 15; Athletic, 3.

At Columbus: Columbus, 6; Boston, 5.

At Louisville—Louisville, 4; Washington, 7.

A Prisoner Discharged.

[illegible] May 30.—The preliminary examination of Silas Elliott, charged with the killing of John Kennedy, was concluded last night and resulted in the discharge of Elliott. [illegible] Uncle Billy, [illegible]

SIR JOHN MACDONALD

The Condition of the Canadian Premier Unchanged

A PLUCKY FIGHT WITH DEATH

[illegible] Sketch of the Statesman's Life and Services

[illegible] John Macdonald [illegible]

A TURN FOR THE WORSE

[illegible] Dr. [illegible] Sir [illegible] taken a turn for the worse.

A HOPELESS CASE

OTTAWA, Ont., May 30.—[illegible] Sir John [illegible] Dr. Powell and Dr. [illegible] Wright [illegible] hopeless. Sir John retains [illegible] but [illegible] distinctly various names repeated by Lady Macdonald. Lord Stanley called and reported to her majesty and Lord Salisbury. Later the following bulletin was issued: "The patient passed as comfortable a night as could be expected and this morning at our consultation at 11 o'clock [illegible] his general [illegible] unaltered from yesterday and our opinion of him remains unaltered."

A SHORT REST

OTTAWA, May 30, 5 p.m.—Latest reports from Earnscliffe are that Sir John is sleeping.

NEARING THE END.

OTTAWA, May 30, 7 p.m.—Sir John's condition is very low. He has grown worse within the last hour.

WAITING FOR MORNING

OTTAWA, May 31, 1 a.m.—Sir John Macdonald is resting quietly but not improving. The next bulletin will be issued at 6 a.m., unless a sudden change takes place.

AN INQUIRY FROM THE QUEEN

OTTAWA, May 30.—The cabinet counsel sat until 6 o'clock when the ministers proceeded to Earnscliffe. Just what was done at the meeting has not transpired, but a grave crisis [illegible] undoubtedly under consideration.

The queen cabled into this afternoon inquiring about the premier's condition.

—At 11 p.m. the premier's general condition was lower.

Sir John Macdonald

OTTAWA, May 30.—Sir John A. Macdonald was born in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, January 11, 1815. He was brought to Canada in 1820, when his father Hugh Macdonald, settled in Kingston, Ont. He was educated at Kingston, and when 16 years of age began to study law. He was admitted to the bar in 1835, and in 1839 became counsel and achieved distinction by his defense of Von Schultz, who made a raid into Canada in 1838.

Macdonald entered public life in 1844 as the representative of the city of Kingston in the house of assembly, and continued to sit for this constituency until the union of 1867 when he was elected to the house of commons of Canada by the same electorate until 1878, when he was defeated. Seven other constituencies then elected him and he sat for Lennox county.

In May 1847 he was first appointed to office, becoming receiver-general and subsequently commissioner of crown lands. Early in 1848 the government was defeated and Macdonald remained in opposition till 1854. In September 1854, the government was defeated on the question of the secularization of the clergy reserves, and Macdonald entered the coalition cabinet which was formed, becoming attorney-general, and under his advice the clergy reserves were secularized on what was considered a fair basis. In 1856 Macdonald became the leader of the Conservatives, which position he has held ever since, exercising great influence in Canadian ministry.

In 1864, Macdonald and his associates succeeded in convincing the people that a confederation of all the British North American provinces was desirable. In bringing about the confederation Macdonald was an active factor, and it may be claimed that he was the creator of the Dominion of Canada. The new constitution went into force July 1, 1867. Macdonald was sworn in as a privy councillor and appointed minister of justice and attorney-general. In recognition of his services he was created a Knight Commander of the Bath by Queen Victoria, and in 1884 he received the [illegible] of the same order. He remained prime minister until 1873 when he was defeated on what is known as the Canadian Pacific scandal. He remained in opposition until 1878, when his party were successful in the tariff issue and he resumed office pledged to protection. In 1882 and again in 1887 he carried the country. His success at the recent Dominion election is known. Sir John was one of the Alabama claims commissioners, and for his success on that commission was made a privy councillor of Great Britain. He married twice. His first wife, Isabella, daughter of Alexander Clark of Dalnavert, Scotland, died in 1856. His second wife was Susan Agnes, daughter of J. Barnard, a member of the privy council of the island of Jamaica.

A Canadian Lord

MONTREAL, May 30.—Sir George Stephen has been created a peer by her majesty. This is the first instance of a peerage having been conferred on a Canadian.

A Bridge Gives Away

BRADFORD, Pa., May 30.—At the conclusion of the Bradford-Meadville ball game this afternoon the wooden foot bridge across the Tuna creek leading to the association park gave way under the crush of people, precipitating 200 men and boys into the creek. Six persons were quite seriously injured, and a great many others received slight hurts and a severe shaking up. Following is a list of those most seriously hurt:

J. R. JOHNSON, commercial traveler, Cleveland, rib broken, injured about the head.

MIKE MYERS (colored), Bradford, hurt about the head and internally injured.

E. MANNEY, Bradford, right foot hurt.

MIKE DOUGHERTY, Red Rock, Pa., hip crushed.

JAMES GRANGER, right leg broken, badly injured in the right side.

WM. CAREY, Kendall, Pa., nose bruised, spinal column injured.

A. L. MOORE, boy aged 10, right leg bruised and injured about the body.

J. J. SULLIVAN, right ear cut and left foot crushed.

PATRICK McCARTHY, back injured.

The others escaped with a ducking and a bad shaking up. As usual at the end of the games the 1500 people on the bleaching boards commenced throwing the cushions about. This kept the ladies in the grand stand until the crowds were partly cleared, and there were no women on the bridge when it gave away.

Weather Forecast.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30.—Forecast till 8 p.m. Saturday.—For Colorado—Fair; slightly cooler; winds becoming [illegible]

M. L. DeCOURSEY,

Real Estate, Investments and Loans.

FOR SALE.

1. The magnificent business property southwest corner Pike's Peak and Nevada avenues, in the exact heart of the city, being at the point where the original four sections come together. This property has a frontage of over 150 feet on Nevada avenue and [illegible] feet on Pike's Peak avenue and has 44 feet on the [illegible] Inside of two years this corner will be as good as the corner of Pike's Peak and Tejon streets for business purposes, if not better, for it fronts on two 100 feet avenues and being more centrally located [illegible] I will sell it for one third the price that will buy [illegible] improvements on it pay the taxes and leave a [illegible]
2. The [illegible] residence property on North Tejon street fronting 400 feet on the Rapid Transit line running from Willamette avenue to Monument street [illegible] feet alley in a most desirable neighborhood. [illegible] the front on Tejon street and the 130 ft frontage on Willamette [illegible] is covered with ten year old maple and locust trees. I will sell this [illegible] property if taken *at once* for $35000. Compare this with the [illegible] one fourth the size in Shook's Run bottom which the school board [illegible] for $5800, and you will see it is very cheap.
3. I have a large block of desirable property consisting of lots improved and unimproved which, when a good deal of money is required to handle it, I will sell for just one half its real worth at market prices. The improvements yield a very fair return over and above the taxes and within two years the property should be sold at a profit of at least 100 per cent. for anyone who will invest in it now. This is really *a big thing*, and I will be glad to show it to anyone who means business. None others need apply.
4. A choice business corner on Huerfano street, 75 by 190 feet. A first class location for a warehouse, a grain and feed store or a large blacksmithing establishment, which will catch all the trade entering town from the east. Or it would be just the corner for a forwarding and commission house, a coal and lumber and wood yard, or a stone and marble yard large enough to show and keep stock properly and convenient for shipping via several lines of railroad. This is a great property for someone who has the means with which to buy it, and the business requiring such a location.

BIG LITTLE BARGAINS.

1. THE GREATEST BARGAIN IN THE CITY, without exception. A three room brick house on a corner lot, 50x167 feet, city water, barn, chicken house, etc., in Loomis addition—ONLY $950. FIRST COME FIRST SERVED. The lot alone is worth almost the money.
2. Five lots corner Kiowa and Spruce streets, each 38 feet frontage on the rapid transit line, just four blocks from Antlers hotel. To quick buyers $400 to $500 each. Great bargains.
3. Two fine lots on Washington avenue, close to town, for $1475, or $750 for one lot. Terms half cash, balance two years at 8 per cent. A snap for someone.
4. A corner lot 50x190 feet, facing south, on Colorado avenue, in West Colorado Springs, for $900. Everyone knows this will soon be worth much more money.

PARRISH'S ADDITION.

1. A lot 50x190 feet, on Kiowa street east of Chestnut, for $750. Inferior lots in inferior locations are selling for $1000.
2. Corner 100 by 135 feet on Platte avenue, $1200.
3. Corner 100 by 190 feet on Bijou street, $1400.
4. Corner 50 by 190 feet on Kiowa street, $950.
5. Corner 38 by 190 feet on Bijou street, $500.
6. Corner 100 by 190 feet on Pike's Peak avenue, $1500.
7. Inside lots on Pike's Peak and Platte avenues and on Kiowa and Bijou streets from $500 to $1300, according to size and location.

Lots in West End Addition, Walnut Addition, Orlin's Addition, [illegible] Addition, D. Russ Wood Addition, Loomis's Addition, North End Addition, Edward's Addition, La Vergne, Colorado City, Manitou, Calvert Heights, and in the *great resort, Broadmoor.*

COUNTRY ESTATES.

1. I am authorized to offer for sale, for a short time, the charming country residence and estate, so well and favorably known as *Ridge Farm*, [illegible] 170 acres of enclosed land, only ten miles northeast of town by a good [illegible] road. This place is subdivided into four fields, and seventy [illegible] cultivation. No irrigation is required, good crops of grain and potatoes [illegible] raised without it. The improvements consist of a handsome house of 9 rooms and bath room with hot and cold water, water being furnished from [illegible] set in the fine springs which abound on the property. [illegible] 20x30, barn with 5 box stalls, carriage, feed and chicken house and room for ten tons of hay, meat house, dairy house, ice house containing [illegible] of pure ice, cut from pond covering an acre of ground near the [illegible] water fourteen feet deep from the springs, ever flowing and pure. [illegible] one spring 8 feet deep, of iron and sulphur water. Also a [illegible] holding 20,000 lb. The residence is insured for $3000. I can sell this [illegible] desirable place for less money than has been expended in the improvements upon it. Someone can make a fortune running it as a resort for invalids at all seasons. It can be kept full all the time. The owner wishes to practice his profession in the city, or he would not think of selling.
2. *Blair Athol!* Unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty of scenery; wonderful [illegible] Anyone wishing a home surrounded by nature in its wildest, grandest, weirdest, most awe-inspiring, and at the same time its most lovely forms, can here find it.

A DONATION.

I will give, free of cost, to any respectable [illegible] that will [illegible] thereon, sufficient ground at "Fairmount Park," two miles from this city, for the purposes of a *Sanitarium, Summer Resort, Hotel*, or other [illegible] of public character, which will attract people and public attention to the location; provided such institutions or establishments be of first class character, backed by sufficient means. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Houses to Rent

Remember that I can help you in the sale or renting of your property, and that I shall be glad to see you at any time. Respectfully,

M. L. DeCOURSEY,
12½ S. Tejon St.,
Colorado Springs, Colorado

On for all Time.

Large size, Solid Oak, $15 Chiffoniers for $10.75.
Fifteen and Twenty Dollar, Antique Sideboards, for $10 and $13.50 respectively.
Bed Lounges $7 and $7.50
Woven Wire Springs for Two Dollars.
These prices are on for all time at

FAIRLEY BROTHERS,
No. 23 South Tejon Street.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR

HEMENWAY & DISH.

Oysters! Oysters!
The Chicago Bakery
[illegible]
Short Orders and Oysters.
We have always on hand
CAKES AND CANDIES
Chicago [illegible]
Thos. G[illegible]

THE GAZETTE.

PUBLISHED BY
THE GAZETTE PRINTING CO.

DAILY—IN ADVANCE.

Per annum	$10 00	Six months	$5 00
Three months	2 50	One month	1 00

WEEKLY—IN ADVANCE.

Per annum	$1 50	Six months	75
Three months	50		

ADVERTISING.

Rates made known on application to the office.

JOB WORK.

Facilities for Plain and Fancy Job Printing equal to those of any establishment west of the Missouri river.

All persons having advertisements in the paper and desiring them discontinued will please make it known at the business office, otherwise they will be properly attended to. We cannot hold ourselves responsible for advertisements appearing in the paper unless notice is thus given.

No claims are allowed against the office [illegible] any of our accounts.

All advertisements for the Weekly Gazette must be handed in not later than Thursday noon.

Advertising agents are respectfully notified that we do not want any advertising from them.

R. W. STEELE,
Manager of the GAZETTE.

General Grosvenor, the recently appointed immigration commissioner, has fallen into trouble for saying that Wisconsin was already a foreign state. A petition has been presented asking that his appointment be cancelled. General Grosvenor undoubtedly referred to the defeat of the Bennett law for English education. Such an act was un-American. There is no objection to Germans as Americans, they are a great valuable part of our citizens, but there is an objection to the perpetuation here of foreign languages and manners to the exclusion of our American English ones. Such actions as those of the Wisconsin Germans are a menace to our institutions and may rightly be regarded as one of the dangers of unrestricted immigration.

An important part of an editor's training is to learn that a newspaper is intended for a great many different people of varying tastes and interests. It is quite sure that if he were to make the paper exactly according to his own taste, or according to that of any one of his readers it would not satisfy many others. To do this would be as if the landlord of a hotel should offer to his guests only such dishes as would please his own palate. So indeed a guest may be very fond of beef and despise mutton, he may greatly enjoy lettuce and dislike cabbage, yet if there be food to his own refreshment he should not complain that the landlord provides for others. In the Sunday Gazette there will be found something to interest everyone, nothing that is really harmful; but it does not follow that any one will be interested in all of it, or that all will be interested in any one article.

A MEMORIAL DAY SPEECH.

The speech of a southerner in a northern city on Memorial day is something sufficiently out of the common to be let go without comment at this late day. But there are other circumstances which give additional interest to the speech which ex-Governor Wise of Virginia delivered yesterday in New York. He stood beside the tomb of General Grant, his theme was the dead hero.

Speaking for the men of the south as well as for himself, we must feel interested to know what he declared as their sentiment toward the war, its men and its issues. What he said meets the wish of every sincere citizen; it is not an apology, it may be a confession, but best of all it is a recognition of facts as they are, a pledge of performance for the present and for the future.

"All that Grant contended for was established. All that Lee maintained failed of accomplishment. Every sensible citizen of this republic now acquiesces cheerfully in the result."

These are the words of sense and soberness. They should teach the north the lesson which it quite as much as the south needs to learn, that we are one people, of one race, living in a united country and living for a common purpose. The people of the west, coming recently as they have done from every section of the country, realize this more than they of older sections who know their neighbors better and their fellow countrymen less. It is this mixture of people from every state and of every opinion which gives to western life its distinctive broadness and tolerance. It is this which has made possible the alliance between west and south for the advancement of common interests, and led our senators to believe that the southern people knew more about southern problems than they of other states, and could safely be trusted to deal with its problems. The man in Maine or Michigan who reads in his paper of southern outrages finds it easy to believe in the necessity of a Federal election law, but in Colorado it is difficult to believe that the southerners who are in the southern states do not display the same ability and conscientiousness in public affairs which they devote to private and business matters here. But probably as we grow more settled in our new homes we shall lose much of this tolerance.

This disposition to sectionalism, this tendency to misrepresent the people of another section and especially those whose politics are different from ours has been, and remains one of the greatest dangers to our republic. The saddest thing in looking back over the history of the great war, is that it was unnecessary. Not that the shedding of blood and the pouring out of treasure were in vain, but that there was a way of peace, and that by the principles of our government the same end might have been reached, the same good accomplished, the same progress achieved.

As the years go on, Memorial day is changing in character. The heroes are not less honored, the inspiration of their example is not less powerful, patriotism glows not less brightly. But the children who marched in yesterday's processions were the nephews, even the grand-children of the heroes of '61, and the vivid personal interest, the quivering agony of personal loss which was the spirit of Decoration day is no longer dominant. The telegraphic reports which we print this morning are not the record of a nation's grief. It is a holy day of remembrance and a holiday of joy. Our reverence for the dead has lost nothing in our satisfaction at the work they accomplished. Decoration day cannot be dedicated more in accordance with the patriotism of the honored dead than to the spirit of national unity. So long as the nation stands let Memorial day recall the dangers of sectional misunderstanding and strife, and in the common love for a common country and mutual esteem and confidence, let north and south, east and west, unite to honor courage, self sacrifice and patriotism wherever found, to gather inspiration and strength from noble examples, and to avoid the dangers of dissension and strife.

Lieutenant Grant's Chance.

Richard Harding Davis, in Harper's Weekly.

The true story of Lieutenant Grant is almost too good a story to be true, and reads like one of those that Mr. Rudyard Kipling invents.

Its scene is laid in Mr. Kipling's own territory, and it deals with deserts and jungles, and the little daring deeds of whom Mr. Kipling is so fond, and with native princes and rajahs and hand-to-hand fighting and the glory of the British arms.

In the early part of April the Associated Press, under the unfamiliar date line of Calcutta, told of a massacre in Manipur, wherever that may be, where semi-barbarous native Indians rose against the representatives of the empress of India, and killed them treacherously while they were negotiating terms of peace and trying to put the right rajah on the throne from which those of the wrong rajah had driven him. The news was partly rumor, partly horrible fact and the names of many commissioners and officers were given as dead and as tortured after death. And at the end of each newspaper account was the brief statement: "Lieutenant Grant, who left Tamur for Manipur with eighty men, has not been heard from. He is believed to be dead." It was a most unimportant ending and an anticlimax. Nobody but the Grants of Grant in the Highlands of Scotland, who raised the Black Watch, knew or cared about this unidentified and unknown Lieutenant Grant. What was one lieutenant and eighty men to three commissioners and colonels and the commissioners' wives and the picked troops of the Forty-fourth Goorkhas?

But on the days following came fuller and more accurate accounts of the massacre, and it was told how the Manipuri had shelled the residency with the same cannon the empress of India had sent them as a token of her royal good feeling; and how the younger officers and Mrs. Grimwood had escaped in the night, and travelled on foot by jungle paths for 120 miles, living on roots, to be rescued at the last by Captain Cowley hurrying forward with re-inforcements, and how Mrs. Grimwood's husband and the others who had left the residency to arbitrate had been cut into quarters, and thrown into the moat for the pariah dogs to mangle as they pleased. It read like a page from the history of the Sepoy mutiny, like a modern version of the terrible stories of Cawnpore, Delhi and Lucknow, and it was a terrible blow at the British rule in India, and a trial to the hearts of every one who read it, whether he read it in English or translated into a foreign tongue. But there was one saving clause, one paragraph that lightened the rest for every one who read it, for Lieutenant Grant, the unknown, marching somewhere [illegible] between Tamur and Manipur, had at last been "heard from." His paragraph came at the end, as it had on the days before, modestly, as became his rank, behind the colonels and commissioners. "Lieutenant Grant," it read, "with eighty men, has defeated 4000 Manipuri, and has taken Fort Thobal." Now nobody knew whether Fort Thobal was bristling with cannon or a mud enclosure, but every one could appreciate that 80 in 4000 goes fifty times, and that Lieutenant Grant's chance was only one in fifty when he charged up the wall of Fort Thobal, and drove the Manipuri across and over the other side. And all over the world, thanks to telegraphs and cables, the name and fame of Lieutenant Grant became momentous and familiar, not only in the clubs of London, but in the elevated cars of New York, and at the breakfast tables from Paris to Portland, Oregon. For if all the world loves a lover, it loves a hero next, and the chance that came to Lieutenant Grant, and the way he rose to it, became a brilliant spot in the gloomy tale of treachery, butchery, and blundering of the Manipur massacre. Lieutenant Grant held Fort Thobal for three days, and then repulsed the Manipuri again at Alongtang, in a fight that lasted three long hot hours, during which the [illegible] two commanders were killed, and the Manipuri were driven off into the jungle by Lieutenant Grant's men of the Second Burmahs.

General Sir Frederick Roberts, the commander-in-chief of the Indian army, has congratulated Lieutenant C. J. W. Grant, which is as it should be, and Punch has given him a full page all to himself, it is also as it should be that Lieutenant Grant is as handsome as his portrait shows him to be, and that he is only thirty years old. "It is the boy, the raw boy—who do the fighting," Mulvaney says; and though Lieutenant Grant is no raw recruit, he is a boy in years, and the Second Burmahs are but newly formed. Now, while the home government sends out more commissioners to determine who blundered and who should be punished, let us hope that some other board of investigation and inquiry will do more for Lieutenant Grant than congratulate him, and that he may go to Simla on leave, and ride with all the pretty girls, and wear cool things, and drink the wine of praise and approval, and keep out of the clutches of Mrs. Hauksbee. And in time he may get his regiment and become a K. C. Who knows?

And in the mean while his father, Lieutenant General D. G. S. St. J. Grant, who is now in London, goes to all of his many clubs that the members may say, "Ah, Grant, fine boy that boy of yours; ought to be proud of him." And then the lieutenant general says: "Pooh! pooh! only did his duty;" and then goes home and tells his wife everything they say.

Perhaps this may seem to you a great deal of bother about one young man, but do not think of what he did, but what he might have done. He might have said: "I have no instructions to take Fort Thobal. I have no right to risk my men's lives at odds of fifty to one. I ought to make a masterly detour, and show my strategic knowledge, and leave Fort Thobal and the 4000 Manipuri alone." Who would have blamed him? Fabian would have done it. But Lieutenant Grant walked right up the mud wall and over the other side. It was his chance, you see, and he took it; and it teaches the moral that when one's chance comes, it is much better to be reported as "heard from" than "missing."

He Couldn't Break Off the Habit.

"Why," asked the lady of the house of Bootless Bob the tramp, "do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight when you eat? Was it ever broken?"

"No, madam, but during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and it has become second nature with me."—New York Continent.

No Danger Now.

Freddie (who has just been whipped for sitting on the wet ground)—Father may I sit down on the ground again? It won't wet me now.

Father—It won't, eh? How is that?

"Why, you've just finished slinging me."—Detroit Free Press.

She Was All Right.

"Bridget," said Barrows angrily, "I told you to have my hot water the first thing in the morning."

"Shure," replied Bridget, "and didn't I bring it up and lave it at the door last night so as it would be in time, sir?"—Harper's Bazar.

A Private Income.

"Jones seems to be a man of leisure. He must have a private income. I never see him doing anything."

"He has. His wife takes in sewing."—New York Recorder.

Trade.

Dora—I don't think we girls should be so free with our kisses.

Cora—No, there should be a mutual exchange.—New York Herald.

HONORED DEAD.

CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.

to the occasion. Post Commander O. R. Dinnington presided, and excellent music was furnished by a choir of mixed voices and a quartette of male voices. A very able and entertaining address was made by Comrade D. Heron of Colorado Springs, who portrayed in a clear and masterly style the birth, growth and importance of the Anglo-Saxon people, our nation's progenitors, the growth, new vicissitudes of our republic and its final triumph over civil strife, till it stands to-day as one of the greatest nations on earth, fully setting forth the value and importance of the services of the [illegible] soldiers in [illegible] the [illegible] present high standing. His address [illegible] [illegible] by the very attentive hearers.

Prof. J. P. [illegible] responded in a very able and forcible style to the toast "Why Should Decoration Day Be Observed," and presented a very convincing argument that the day should receive due and proper observance throughout our nation.

Col. H. G. Orton, of Princeton, Mass., made a masterly speech, full of enthusiasm, loyalty and patriotic sentiment, and was followed by Comrade W[illegible] of Denver, who responded to the toast "Our Greatest General," paying a high tribute to the memory of the great general and statesman, Gen. U. S. Grant.

Mr. J. R. Watt, of Colorado City, responded to the toast, "War and its Results," and made a ringing and masterly effort in portraying some of the existing evils of the nation, and the pressing need of their immediate extinction.

The exercises were concluded with a very appropriate song by the school children.

Decoration day, '91, is a day long to be remembered by the people of Colorado City for the enthusiasm, loyalty and patriotism manifested in their midst.

YESTERDAY'S SPORTS.

A Large Crowd Witnesses the Exhibition at the Athletic Grounds—Men of Muscle on the Tracks.

The athletic sports occurred yesterday. A more perfect day for the events could not have dawned in Colorado. From sunrise until evening a clear sky, and a bright warm sunshine gladdened the hearts of all those interested, and as the time drew near for the contests a large crowd began to gather in the athletic grounds.

A crowd of the more fortunate in the grand stand, a gathering of carriages, and the usual number of excited men and small boys bordering the track gave notice that the sports were about to begin. The penniless "kids" desperately shinned the fence, or sought knot-holes. The crowd within stretched their necks toward the starting place. A puff of smoke and a shot, and St. John, Link, Mortimer, Robertson and Walton came rushing down the track in the 100 yards handicap. Only one of the five started on the scratch. St. John had three yards, Mortimer five, Link six, Robertson four, with Walton as the scratch man. The race was an exciting one. There were other races that surpassed it, but nevertheless it stirred the blood of the onlookers, and opened the programme in a first rate way. Link held his lead throughout the race, winning in 11 1-5 seconds. Mortimer and St. John were in a dead heat for second, while Walton, the scratch man, had the misfortune to be pocketed twice.

In the second heat of this race, Evans, two yards, won in 10 3-5 seconds with Eastman three yards, second.

Following the 100 yards handicap came the hop, step and jump, which was entered by Spring and Pearson. Although Pearson did well, Spring became the winner, with a jump of 41 feet 6 inches.

McGinnity, Oatman and Berrey entered for throwing the base ball. With the exception of the races this was one of the most interesting features of the programme. The three contestants stepped to the front in turn and the ball went sailing through the air from corner to corner of the grounds. There was some fine throwing done, and at the close two large scores were the result, Berrey being the winner. Only two measurements were taken and these gave Berrey a throw of 330 feet 2 inches and Oatman 351 feet. At a rough estimate the throw of McGinnity was 300 feet. Berrey's throw at the Decoration day sports of last year was 325 feet, giving him an increase of 11 feet 2 inches since that date. Next year the grounds will have to be enlarged for Berrey's accommodation.

There were four entries for the 220 yards fireman's handicap. These were Kelly, Tucker, Eastman and Barnes. Kelly was the winner with a time of 24 seconds, Eastman coming in second.

Three sturdy athletes comprised the entries for putting the shot. King, Loesch and Hillis took their turns with the ball until King worked his score up to a distance of thirty five feet six inches which surpassed the score of Loesch by two inches.

The crowd gathered around to witness the standing broad jump. Spring gathered his muscles together and at length covered a distance of nine feet seven and one-half inches. The contest was very close between Spring and McGrew and the latter took second place with a distance of [illegible] feet [illegible] inches.

The next event was the [illegible] to the 100 yard handicap. It was by far the finest feature of the programme. At the firing of the shot the men darted forward. A few seconds passed by and Link still held his lead. His greatest danger was from Evans as he kept from the first a little behind him, [illegible] along in his rear at a rapid rate. Half way down [illegible] the distance between Link and Evans began to lessen, and at the tape [illegible] the crowd which [illegible] the winner. The judge's decision was in favor of Link, whose time was [illegible] 11 seconds.

The greatest distance made in the running broad jump was that of King, being 17 feet 6 inches. Spring, the winner of the standing broad jump, took second place with a distance of 17 feet 1½ inches.

The tug of war was between the Matt France hose company team and the Rapid Transit men. There were five contestants on a side, and there was quite a hotly contested warfare between them for the victory. After a pull of about two minutes the Matt France men became the winners.

Following this event came the 50 yards boys' race all contestants in which were under thirteen years of age. This was entered by a large number of the small boys in the grounds, and they came down the track in a mass amid great excitement. The winner was Ross from the institute, and Skinner won second place. No time was taken.

The next event was the 120 yards hurdle race. A long line of ten hurdles was set up, and King, Robertson, and Parker comprised the entries. Parker fell out half way on the track, and near the [illegible] King crept up and passed Robertson winning in 19 2-5.

The high jump was won by Tucker who reached a height of 5 feet 1 inch with little effort, being made a jump of [illegible] feet.

The 440 yards handicap was run by Kelley, Walton, De La Vergne and Robertson. De La Vergne, 10 yards, had a good lead throughout the race and won in 54 1-5 seconds.

The [illegible] was won by Fr[illegible] with twenty points.

At the close the prizes were presented by Captain DeCoursey amid lusty cheers [illegible] the crowd [illegible] soon after dispersed.

A few remained to witness the foot ball kicking, which was won by Evans.

There were few who left the athletic grounds at the close of the long afternoon who did not go away with the belief that it had been an afternoon well spent in the witnessing of sports which would be a credit to a much larger city than Colorado Springs.

THE FLEETING SHOW.

Gossip and News Gathered Here and There Upon the Streets.

Many stories are prevalent of Benedict Arnold's unhappy life in England after the Revolution had passed, and when forsaken and hated by all his old friends in America he wandered in England remorseful and friendless, insulted at every point where he sought the society of his fellow-men. Old General Jeremiah Wadsworth of Massachusetts, commissary general of the revolutionary army, was not the man to ever stoop to the society of a traitor to his country. He was an old gentleman with a strong and marked character to say the least, and he was not at all backward in letting his opinion be known. After the close of the war the general made a journey to England and located himself in comfortable London quarters. He had been there but a short time when Benedict Arnold stopped before the door with the intention of making a call upon the patriotic American. General Wadsworth's black servant went to the door while the general stood in the hallway above with his head over the banisters and his ears wide open. The servant opened the door, Arnold entered the house, and was about to send his name up to the general from across the seas when that individual protruded his head still further through the bannisters, and in a loud voice cried, "Toby! Toby! General Wadsworth is never at home to General Arnold." Much crestfallen, General Arnold retired.

* *

It is interesting to discover to what a great extent many people who have been blind from birth, or who can never remember to have seen their fellow beings, take interest in their appearance. Many of the blind pupils who took part in the entertainment at the institute the other night had evidently taken great pains with their appearance, and had probably spent much time upon their toilet. One good looking young man who had decorated his coat with a rose was inclined to be a trifle round shouldered, and many times as he stood upon the stage he would recollect himself and thereupon would throw back his shoulders and lift up his head in a most energetic manner. A short time ago one of the institute blind boys was called upon to decide what was to him a very difficult question. He could see none of the people or objects about him, but there was one ray of light which his eyesight caught and he would sit for hours watching that tiny gleam which was the only part of the outside world that he had ever seen. There was one defect, however, upon his eyes, which detracted greatly from his personal appearance, and the removal of which would deprive him of that one ray of light, which he spent so many hours in watching. It seems strange that there should be for a moment a thought in his mind towards having the defect removed. Nevertheless as the idea came to him that he could destroy the defects in his appearance, even by the loss of his last claim upon eye sight, he spent many days in serious consideration of the matter. At times he would nearly decide to lose his ray of light, but later he would think better of the decision and it was a long time before he concluded to let his eyes remain as they were.

* *

I think the most amusing dog sale that I have witnessed occurred in front of Durkee's hardware store one day the past week. Two young boys came along leading a very distressed looking yellow cur, and approaching a man proposed to sell the animal for $2.50, when the following dialogue took place. "Is the [illegible]?" "No." "Two fifty for the dog and $2.00 for the license is $4.50. That is too much. Will you throw off $1?" "Yes sir." "That would be $1.50 for the dog and I would need a [illegible] that would cost fifty cents. Two dollars is too much for that dog. Now knock off another dollar, will you?" "Yes sir." "I would have to buy a rope to lead him home with, that would cost me twenty five cents. Don't you think you could sell him for twenty five cents?" "Yes sir." "Two dollars for a license, fifty cents for a rope is a fearful price for such an animal. Will you give him to me?" "Yes sir," replied the [illegible] [illegible] salesmen, but the man was mean enough to decline to own the dog.

* *

It occurs to me that Colorado Springs does not advertise sufficiently. We advertise but it is in a spasmodic way and usually by contributions almost forced from the donors. Our neighbors at Manitou are splendid advertisers, and [illegible] build their hotels reap the reward. Manitou has some very strong friends too, who always stand by her. Last Monday Mayor Shakespeare, of New Orleans, gave our city a visit, and after he had enjoyed a fine lunch at The Antlers casually remarked that he was surprised to know that such good hotel accommodations could be found here; that he had been told by railroad officials that Colorado Springs was only a small place, and only the most inferior accommodations could be obtained; that he had better go to Manitou. He took the advice and spent Sunday night at the resort. He expressed great surprise at finding such a city as Colorado Springs, but his amazement did not equal that of our worthy mayor and others who heard him to know that railroad men, who must know better, should make such statements.

A County Fair.

"A County Fair," one of the strongest attractions now traveling, will be produced at the opera house Wednesday evening. An exchange says:

The secret of the play's effectiveness lies in the fact that every detail in the glimpses of rural life is exploited with admirable scenic embellishments. It is a play that shoots at the people's hearts, not over their heads. Everybody can appreciate the desperate hopelessness of the boy Tim when he is about to be sent away from the farm, and the heroine's predicaments are just as amusing as the petty trials that everyone experiences. In fine the commoner feelings of every day humanity are played upon and the whole thing is rounded off with something attractive to everybody—a horse race. It would be a dull clod indeed who failed to get a bit excited while the race scene is on and the jockeys are whipping for all they are worth.

Of Abigail Prue, the spinster, her author describes a complex character, an old maid to the core, [illegible] able, a woman [illegible] enough to be grateful [illegible] depth of her affection for [illegible] beau is best expressed in [illegible]

"If anything happens [illegible] I'd wilt down like clover in a July [illegible]."

Her observation on the [illegible] is couched as follows. Says she to her protege, Sally: "Don't marry a man of talent. My sister Mary's husband had talent. He was an artist [illegible] them pesky tintypes, and [illegible] buried him in Mr. Potter's field."

When the ballot is described to her, says she:

"Now I know what the newspapers mean by ballot reform." She knows her horse, "Cold Molasses," would help her if she could, for she sees the affection beaming out of her intelligent [illegible] but little dreams that in her laws the speed that wins the purse that lifts the mortgage and saves the farm. No more charming picture of this character has ever been painted, and if it is framed in rustic woods, and backed up by soft pastoral views of verdant uplands and purling brooks, cool pools and rich pasture lands.

J. J. HAGERMAN, Pres't. CHAS. THURLOW, Vice-Pres't.
J. A. HAYES, Cashier. [illegible] SUTTON, Ass't Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

CAPITAL, $100,000.
SURPLUS, 100,000.

Buys and Sells Foreign and Domestic Exchange and Does a General Banking Business.

DIRECTORS:
J. J. EATON, J. J. HAGERMAN, CHAS. THURLOW,
LOUIS R. EHRICH, [illegible], B. F. CROWELL,
IRVING HOWBERT, [illegible], J. A. HAYES.

TENNIS SUITS, COATS AND VESTS

Straw Hats. C. E. Evans & Co. Fine [illegible]

HATTERS AND OUTFITTERS [illegible]

Summer Underwear.

19 PER CENT NET

The above amount can be made in annual rent on an improved property we are offering for sale at $4500.

EDWARD FERRIS,
CHALLENGER PATH,
104 Pike's Peak Avenue.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR BARGAINS?
Read the Following:

At the southwest corner of Huerfano and Nevada Ave. we have a choice business property, 95 feet on Huerfano and 125 feet on Nevada, that can now be bought at a very reasonable figure. As a business property and one that is sure to bring large returns in the near future, there is no better location for the amount invested than to buy this corner at the price asked.

On North Tejon street we have an 8 room house, bath, hot and cold water, hot air furnace, two mantels and grates, electric lights, two hydrants in yard; good barn and well arranged; fine lawn and trees. The price of this valuable property is only $9000.

On Grant avenue, in West Colorado Springs, lot 50x150, new house of 6 rooms, fine lawn, nicely located for a home; easy terms. Call soon, as this place will sell quickly.

Also, at the southeast corner of Moreno and Cascade, lot 75x100 feet, an 8 room brick house, cellar, stable, very fine lawn, shrubbery and fruit trees; a good location for a boarding house or hotel. This is cheap at $5700.

Don't forget this lot, 84x240, with stone building 40x100, close to A. T. & S. F. tracks. Somebody will get a bargain, as it will surely be needed for warehouse purposes. The price is $3800, $1000 cash, balance easy payments, 8 per cent interest.

Here is a bargain sure: Lot 50x100 feet, next to corner of Uintah and Weber; worth more money now than we are asking. $2100.

On South Tejon street car line; lot 50x140, with 6 room house; lot worth the money asked—$1000, $200 cash, balance $15 per month, interest at 8 per cent per annum.

Lots in Irywild are selling well, considering the times. You had better get one before the best are gone. The best of terms to those wishing to build.

HEMENWAY BROS.,
104 East Huerfano Street.

FIRE INSURANCE. FIRE INSURANCE.

Rio Grande Southern RAILROAD
The New All Rail Line to
Telluride, Placerville, Fort Lewis, Mancos and Rico.
NOW COMPLETED AND OPEN FOR BUSINESS
From Ridgway.
By the Line of the Denver & Rio Grande R. R.
To Telluride.
And will be pushed to final completion to Durango [illegible] opening up the [illegible] Rocky Mountains [illegible] through the
Famous Montezuma and Shenandoah Valleys.
The Great Agricultural Region of the
DOLORES RIVER.
[illegible]
Homes of the Cliff Dwellers.
[illegible]
Stage [illegible] Telluride to Rico.
[illegible]
OTTO MEARS,
General Manager.

H. L. REID,
[illegible]
Office at C[illegible] Colorado Springs.

$500 REWARD!
[illegible]
SOLD BY G. B. STORER

MAITLAND COAL!
Lump and Nut.
Union Ice and Coal Co.
No. 28 W. Vermijo Ave.
Order books at Knapp's news stand, post office to the postoffice, and Hillhouse's grocery, 109 North Tejon street.

Dwinell & Terrill,
Real Estate Investments,
Loans and Insurance.
We offer, at reasonable figures, unimproved and improved property, in all parts of the city and vicinity, and in El Paso county.
FOR SALE:
On Willamette avenue house of 10 rooms with all modern improvements, south front. $15,000
On Colorado avenue house of 8 rooms, bath, hot and cold water, south front, easy payments. 4500
West Colorado Springs 6 roomed house. 3500
[illegible] roomed house, N. Tejon street. 6500
Corner on N. Tejon street, 100x1? feet. 2000
MONEY TO LOAN in Large or Small Amounts.
INSURANCE Written with Care in Reliable Companies.
BANK BUILDING, ROOM 11.
Telephone No 165

LINUS E. SHERMAN,
United States Land and Pension Attorney.
Will practice before any Land Office and the Pension Department. Contests and difficult cases a specialty.

Insurance, Loans and Real Estate.
If you have property to rent or sell, if you want to buy improved or unimproved property in any part of the city, if you want to exchange any kind of property here or elsewhere for other property, if you want a loan on most favorable terms be sure to see me at the
COLORADO REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE,
103 Pike's Peak Avenue.
LINUS E. SHERMAN.

ECHO KENNELS.
Thoroughbred Greyhounds For Sale.
From My Bitch Echo, Dam of the Following Well known Coursers:
[illegible], winner of the American Field Cup, at Great Bend October, 1887, also winner of 1st prize in Bench show, Great Bend, 1887. Swift, the great Wolf Dog and Boss of the Plains. Dart, the great Antelope Dog. Ben Echo, 1st prize winner at the Riverside Hunt Meet, Riverside, Colo., 1889. Dash, Champion Courser of Colorado, and many other well known Coursers, known for their grit as Coyote killers.
C. F. HOECKEL, Prop.,
P. O. Box 3?4, Denver, Colo.

SEASON OF 1891.
ISLAC Imported French coach or roadster stallion, five years old, 16 hands high; golden chestnut in color. Sired by French Govt. stallion Gabriel; dam Lutens, by Cognebar. This horse has grand style and action, and will sire handsome, stylish drivers and roadsters.
Terms by the season, $30 cash in advance. Limited to twenty mares.
CIM SELIM.
Morgan roadster stallion, coming 3 years old, 15½ hands high; chestnut; sired by Selim, by Colby's Young Green Mountain; dam Pet, by Paganini, by Dole's Mazeppa Charta. This is a stallion of great promise as a sire. He has superior style, fine action and great beauty, with lofty, imposing and attractive carriage. His individuality and rare breeding place him in the foremost rank. Limited to 10 mares.
Terms by the season, $25 cash in advance.
FRANC O. WOOD,
Edgewood, Cheyenne Road, Colorado Springs.

ESTABLISHED 1873.
El Paso County Bank,
CAPITAL PAID IN - $100,000
SURPLUS - [illegible]
Transacts a general banking business. Drafts drawn on the principal cities of the United States and Europe.
WM. S. JACKSON, Cashier.
J. H. BARLOW, Assistant Cashier.
[illegible]
W. S. JACKSON, C. H. WHITE, J. H. BARLOW.

GEO. J. KINDEL,
Maker of Brass and Iron Bedsteads.
HAIR and WIRE MATTRESSES A SPECIAL.
Ask your furniture dealer for our goods, or write for prices.
23 Lawrence St. DENVER, COLO.

WIRE, IRON, AND ELECTRICAL WORK!
Of Every Description.
Novelties, Model Making, and General Repair Work.
HASSELL & TALCOTT
24 West Huerfano Street.

GOSHEN BROS.,
Manufacturers of
Pressed and Common Brick
Contractors in brick work plastering and cementing. All kinds of building supplies on hand. Jobbing promptly done.
OFFICE 122 NORTH TEJON ST.

D. R. Bode, President. Geo. De La Vergne, Vice President. [illegible], Cashier.
The Exchange National Bank
CAPITAL, $100,000.
DIRECTORS:
[illegible]

DR. C. W. ENOS
Eye and Ear Surgeon.
[illegible]

ANNUAL MEETING.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of The [illegible] Company will be held at the principal office of the Company in the city of Colorado Springs, Colorado, on the first Monday of June, 1891, being the 1st day of the month at twelve o'clock noon, for the election of a board of directors and the transaction of such other business as may properly be presented.
GEO. H. PARSONS, Secretary.
Colorado Springs, May 19, 1891.

ANNUAL MEETING.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Colorado Springs company will be held at the principal office of the Company in the city of Colorado Springs, Colorado, on the first Monday of June, 1891, being the 1st day of the month at twelve o'clock noon, for the election of a board of directors and the transaction of such other business as may properly be presented.
GEO. H. PARSONS, Secretary.
Colorado Springs, May 19, 1891.

Henry LeB. Wills
REAL ESTATE and INSURANCE.
NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
For Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.
MONEY TO LOAN
On Real Estate Security.
HOUSES FOR RENT.
Furnished.
[illegible]
Unfurnished.
East Bijou street, new brick house, 12 rooms, all conveniences.
N. Cascade ave., 12 rooms, bath, [illegible]
North Nevada avenue, brick, 9 rooms, bath, furnace, electric lights.
208 East Dale street, 8 rooms and bath.
[illegible]
Stores and Offices for Rent.
Large corner store on North Tejon street.
N. Tejon street, store and basement.
[illegible]
Offices in Stretell and Robertson Block.
I have a long list of properties, improved and otherwise, which I should be pleased to show parties desiring a good [illegible]. Favor me with a call.
HENRY LeB. WILLS,
Gazette Building,
TELEPHONE 44.

FOR RENT!
Large House with fine grounds and 40 acres of hay land, 2 miles west of Colorado Springs. Rent $60 per month. Apply to
HENRY LeB. WILLS,
Gazette Building.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
Cards under this head state profession and address. Any other matter will be charged for at our Card Rates.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
WILLIAM HARRISON.
Office up stairs in the second building south of the County Court house.

DENTISTS.
DR. W. FOWLER.
Rooms in Pruitt Block, Tejon street, opposite Giddings Bros. & Pest's.

ARCHITECTS.
W. F. DOUGLAS,
Architect, 20 N. Nevada avenue.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.
J. S. LOCKHART,
Civil Engineer, Stretell Block.

F. F. BAXTER,
Civil Engineer.
Surveys, and estimates for reservoirs, ditches and roads. Land surveying and mapping. Room 31, Bank Block.

OCULIST AND AURIST
DR. WALKER,
JACKSON BUILDING, 16TH & ARAPAHOE STS.,
DENVER, COLO.

THE P. O. S. of A.
Building, Loan and Investment Association
Of Colorado Springs, Colo.
The only local building and loan association doing business in El Paso county.
The best and easiest way to obtain a home on monthly installments. Over one hundred homes now being paid for in Colorado City and Colorado Springs through our association.
DIRECTORS.
Chas. L. Gillingham, President.
Dr. T. G. Horn, Vice President.
A. A. McGovney, Treasurer.
J. A. Leech.
A. L. Humphrey.
F. J. Steginger.
C. M. Sherman.
H. S. Poley.
A. H. White.
For further information call on or address
J. B. THEDINGA, Sec'y,
Colorado Springs, Colo.
C. M. SHERMAN, Collector for Colo. City.
Books now open for third shares of stock.

BICYCLES
On Installments
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
All sizes, grades and prices. Catalogues free.
A. L. ATKINS,
No. 206 North Tejon Street.

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting of The [illegible] Irrigation and Improvement Co.
Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of The [illegible] Irrigation and Improvement Company will be held at the offices of the Company in the city of Colorado Springs [illegible]
[illegible] JACKSON, Secretary.

MILKMAID BRAND CONDENSED MILK
Nothing better for babies.
Full Cream. Full Weight.
Best on Earth.
For sale by
A. D. CRAIGUE & CO.
THOMAS HUGHES.
F. E. ROBINSON.

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting of The Argentum-Juniata Mining Company.
Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of The Argentum-Juniata Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company in the city of Colorado Springs, state of Colorado, on the 6th day of June [illegible] at 12 o'clock noon of said day.
J. A. HAYES, Secretary.

HOTEL VICTOR,
16th and Larimer Sts., Denver, Colo. American and European Plans. Also
HOTEL RICHELIEU,
Tremont St., Opposite Broadway Theatre.
A SELECT FAMILY HOTEL.

HONORED DEAD.

DECORATION DAY DULY OBSERVED IN COLORADO SPRINGS

A Fine Parade of Veterans, Military and Civic Societies, Impressive Ceremonies at Evergreen Cemetery, Two Interesting Addresses.

Decoration day was duly observed in Colorado Springs yesterday. Those who survived the great struggle and those who have come after, love to gather once each year in the city of the dead to do honor to the heroic soldiers who lie buried there, by placing flowers upon their graves, by services solemn and beautiful, by recalling their deeds of bravery. Although Memorial day this year fell upon Saturday, a busy day for the average citizen, and the visit of the president served to call out the various marching societies of the city recently, yet there was no apparent abatement in the interest in Decoration day in Colorado Springs. Each year the ceremonies become larger and more impressive.

The day broke fair and beautiful yesterday, seeming to smile upon the occasion. At an early hour the streets began to fill with people, and there was the sound of music and marching feet. Many of the merchants decorated their stores, in fact the decorations were much more general than usual, while flags flew from nearly all public buildings. The parade formed and started promptly at 9 o'clock, and during the entire day there was not a hitch or break. If there was a distinctive feature of the parade yesterday it was the number of school children in line.

THE PARADE.

The procession formed opposite the city hall on Nevada avenue at 9:15 a. m., and moved over the route formerly indicated, in the following order: First came a platoon of the city police, headed by Captain Gathright, all attired in the regulation blue, and presenting their usual fine and commanding appearance. Then came the marshal of the day, L. C. Dana, and his aides, W. R. Rudy, R. B. Taylor, W. H. D. Merrill and F. J. Steinmetz, all finely uniformed and mounted upon spirited horses. Following came the Centennial State band, with fourteen pieces, discoursing martial strains par excellence, led by Drum Major M. O. Barnes, the band fully sustaining its well-merited high standing as one of the best in the west. Then followed Troop A, with thirty men in line, all in full military uniform and carrying carbines, the troop presenting a very imposing and military like appearance. Next came the College Cadets with twenty-one men in line, and with their neat and attractive uniforms and their glistening rifles, attracted more than usual attention. Following the Cadets, came Camp 23, P. O. S. of A., with fifteen men in line, all wearing the beautiful regalia of the order, and presenting a very creditable showing. Next came the uniform rank of the Knights of Pythias, with fifteen men in line, and with their very attractive uniforms were the recipients of many compliments. Following came Pike's Peak lodge, I. O. O. F., with forty men in line, all wearing the very attractive regalia of the order. Then came the G. A. R. fife and drum corps, heading John A. Logan camp, Sons of Veterans, which organization had twenty-four men in line, doing high credit to this worthy and patriotic order. Following came the G. A. R. post, No. 22, and old and patriotic veterans in line, all evidencing in their looks the special desire to keep green the memory of those for whom the observance of Decoration day has been set apart. Then followed carriages bearing Mayor Sprague and members of the city council, after which came the children of the city schools, about 600 in number, in charge of Superintendent Pattison, Comrades Brusco and Dwinell and teachers. The long line of children, extending for more than two squares, many of them carrying wreaths and bouquets of wild flowers, and in the full glee and merriment of childhood, presented one of the most pleasing features of the procession, and the day will doubtless long be remembered by them.

THE VETERANS.

The veterans marched bravely along yesterday, but it was with halting step that many of them moved. The fact could not but be impressed upon all who watched them that a few years will leave not one to tell the tale of the great struggle, to recount personal reminiscences. The following is a list of the old soldiers who took part in the parade yesterday, so far as the names could be learned:

J. J. Campbell, corporal, Company G, Seventy-fourth Illinois infantry.

A. S. Van Borst, private, Company C, One Hundred and Forty-first Illinois infantry.

George Gilbert, corporal, Company K, Twenty-fourth Iowa infantry.

S. O. Hoyt, private, Company G, Eleventh Kansas cavalry.

J. K. Fleal, private, Company F, One Hundred and Fifty-third New York infantry.

Eli Harlan, private, Company K, Seventh Iowa infantry.

J. C. Sellars, private, Company H, Ninth Missouri cavalry.

W. F. Johnson, private, Company F, Eighty-fifth New York infantry.

A. J. Templeton, second-lieutenant, Company G, Third Colorado cavalry.

J. B. Curtis, private, Company G, Fifth and Forty-seventh Massachusetts infantry.

H. A. Smith, private, Company G, Eighteenth Connecticut infantry.

L. W. Shook, sergeant, Company K, Ninety-ninth Illinois.

John Wolfe, private, Company G, Third Colorado cavalry.

J. T. Fitch, private, Company E, Twenty-third Missouri infantry.

G. C. Barrington, private, Company H, Sixtieth Ohio infantry.

Edmund Butzin, private, Company B, Eighth Illinois infantry.

Sylvester Johnson, private, Company C, Sixth Indiana infantry.

G. De La Vergne, lieutenant-colonel, Company B, Forty-seventh New York and Eighth Tennessee regiments.

J. R. H[illegible]man, lieutenant, Company E, One Hundred and Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania infantry.

S. Walker, private, Company G, Seventh Iowa cavalry.

S. R. High, private, Company I, Eighth Illinois cavalry.

E. Stankoss, private, Company G, Third New Jersey, and Company K, Fourteenth New Jersey infantry.

Edward Brusco, Tenth New York heavy artillery.

Amos Gossant, Company A, Twenty-third Iowa infantry.

C. P. Esick, captain, Company H, One Hundred and Sixteenth Illinois infantry.

Samuel Pearcy, Company E, Forty-sixth Missouri infantry.

A. H. Corman, Company I, One Hundred and First Illinois infantry.

Otis Rowick, private, Company K, First Wisconsin, [illegible] Eleventh Wisconsin infantry.

J. J. Dewell, Company H, Merrill Horse, Michigan.

D. J. Root, sergeant, Company G, One Hundred and fifty-sixth New York infantry.

Jerry Williams, first lieutenant, Company H, Eighty-sixth New York infantry.

D. W. Robbins, corporal, Company D, Thirty-second Iowa infantry.

C. B. Cozzens, private, Company F, Sixteenth New York veteran volunteers.

W. C. Holmes, private, Company G, One hundred and twentieth Indiana infantry.

H. H. Dillon, Company G, First New York engineers.

J. R. Clark, private, Company D, Forty-eighth Missouri infantry.

J. W. Ridgeway, sergeant, Company D, Tenth Missouri cavalry.

P. J. Blandon, private, Company H, Fourth Ohio, and Company M, Tenth Ohio infantry.

A. W. Partridge, corporal, Company A, Wisconsin volunteer cavalry.

J. R. Smith, Company I, [illegible] Fourth United States [illegible].

A. B. Keeler, Eighth Ohio volunteer infantry.

Chas. Hover, One Hundred Eighty-[illegible] New York light infantry, Company A.

D. C. Works, Co. A, Seventh Ohio volunteer infantry, Twenty-fourth battery, light artillery.

E. A. McMorris, Eighty-sixth Illinois infantry.

A. E. West, Fifty-second [illegible].

T. M. Hoffman, Twenty-first Illinois infantry.

J. C. Hines, Twenty-third Iowa infantry.

M. Helmer, Second Iowa cavalry.

Geo. B. V. Hall, Ninetieth New York infantry; Eighth New Jersey infantry.

W. I. Johnson, Company A, Tenth Minnesota infantry, Sixteenth army corps.

J. B. Cromwell, First Indiana heavy artillery.

J. F. Gray, Company F, Tenth Iowa infantry, veteran volunteers.

J. O. Fussell, Company I, First Arkansas infantry.

Enoch Collett, Company A, Sixteenth Kansas cavalry.

J. S. Taylor, Company G, Nineteenth Iowa infantry.

Edgar T. Ensign, Second Iowa infantry; Ninth Iowa cavalry.

T. B. Stanton, Second West Virginia volunteer guards, Company B.

David Heron, Company B, Fifth Iowa infantry.

Ed J. Smith, Twenty-third Pennsylvania infantry; Company G, Twentieth Pennsylvania cavalry.

Lloyd Adamson, Company A, One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio infantry.

Ira G. Sprague, One Hundred and Forty-fourth New York, and One Hundred and Fourth United States troops.

R. B. Hosick, Company A, First Missouri infantry.

Frank Finegan, Company C, Sixty-ninth New York infantry.

L. C. Dana, Company H, One Hundred and Forty fifth Illinois.

Dan Wright, Company B, Fifty-second Pennsylvania.

W. E. McLain, Company A, One Hundred-Forty-second Ohio infantry.

J. W. Chapman, Company F, Twenty-third Missouri infantry.

M. W. Everleth, First Maine cavalry.

Wm. Caton, Company F, Twentieth Pennsylvania cavalry.

M. L. DeCoursey, Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, Company D.

E. F. McCloskey, Company I, One Hundred Ninety-second Ohio volunteer infantry.

A. L. Hunter, Company B, Sixty-third Illinois.

F. L. Rouse, Company B, Forty-sixth Iowa.

H. G. Orton, Company B, Seventh Ohio infantry.

After proceeding over the route as laid down, the procession halted at the Union Pacific track, on South Nevada avenue, from which point the large concourse of people were conveyed by special trains to Evergreen cemetery, where further appropriate observances of the day were made.

AT THE CEMETERY.

The Ft. Worth road ran a train to the cemetery making four trips during the morning, with five cars. A great many people drove or walked to the cemetery, until when the services at the flag staff began it is estimated there were 4000 present. The cemetery committee of the city council had made a ruling that no carriages should enter the gates, and no doubt many who could not walk to the grand stand were disappointed in not being able to hear the exercises.

Upon the arrival of the various organizations at the cemetery gates the line of march was again formed, and with slow and solemn tread, with heads bared, and the band playing a dirge, the troops marched to the flagstaff. The ceremony took place at the new G. A. R. burial place, which is much larger and better arranged than the old one. But two old soldiers are buried here, however. A large square was formed by the veterans and the troops, the school children holding the north side and the cadets and Company A the east side.

The beautiful ritual of the G. A. R., used for this occasion, was gone through with, conducted by Mr. E. J. Smith, the post commander, Chaplain Kieffer and other officers of the post. Mr. Kieffer offered prayer and a choir rendered a hymn, and the usual salute was fired by Company A and the cadets. While the detail to place flowers upon the graves was performing its work the assembly broke up and most of the people adjourned to the pavilion, where the exercises were continued.

After music by the choir, Commander Smith introduced Mr. A. W. Kettle, of Colorado college, as the first speaker. Mr. Kettle is a very pleasant speaker and made a very good impression. He said:

VETERANS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS—We are met once more on the sacred resting place of the dead. We are not in their final resting place in honor of America's soldiery dead with all its solemnity and suggestiveness surrounding us. Met again to renew the memories of the past; to walk in pleasant sadness among the green mounds of our fallen heroes to strew their graves with the sweetest garlands tokens of our undying gratitude to those who died that the nation might live. Fortunately abler lips than mine will voice the sentiments that cluster about this day. The story of a million and a half of men struggling and dying for liberty presents a theme the limits of which neither the eloquence of Demosthenes, of Pitt, nor the sweet ring of Clay, nor the sublime speech of Webster could reach. And I might tremble at the task of speaking to the illustrious memories of their past were it not that their deeds and achievements are already gathered and written, not only upon the pages of history, but on the hearts of their countrymen in characters of such glory that I can neither add nor detract from their eternal brightness.

Again, across the horizon of our [illegible] nation we see the drama in which they acted and it comes to us as a wild, feverish dream.

We hear that shot fired with sacrilegious hand at the old flag as it sounds and reverberates from one end of our land to another, striking terror and surprise to loyal hearts, but thrilling them with a [illegible] tion that knows no death until the security of that flag is established forever. I hear again the agitated discussions, the impassioned eloquence nerving the arm for the coming contest; we see them deserting the farm, the shop, the office, the desk, to become citizen-volunteers the grandest title some with the wild enthusiasm of adventure, [illegible] thoughtfully, some with at [illegible], but one and all fired with a purpose which, long as life [illegible] knows no abatement, and which [illegible] in the star of valor. Behold the parting they have perhaps for the last time their dear ones, as they receive the last benediction of an aged father, the prayerful farewell of a mother's love, as she dedicates the offspring of her life to her country; we pity the sister's despair and the [illegible] of the bride; we see again the reluctant good-by to the [illegible] and her clinging [illegible] form [illegible] [illegible] stars and stripes [illegible] on to the wild, [illegible] of life and death [illegible] to the very jaws of hell, to live or die [illegible] the eternal [illegible].

Going forth [illegible] an army as the world never saw, an army whose [illegible] of the world, and of [illegible] achievements [illegible] farmers, [illegible] whose [illegible] history [illegible] the crack of [illegible] of [illegible] or money towards he enters the thickest of the fight [illegible] he fights with an [illegible] [illegible] of divinity on his brow. Battles are fought over and over that would have changed the fate of Europe ere the sun cast his last beams over the blood stained fields. Battles extending across half a continent are fought again and again, and Northern heroism hurled itself against the steel of Vicksburg and hurled the enemy down the bloody sides of Gettysburg amid the sing of ball, the glitter of saber and the roar of cannon, [illegible] awful yet victorious [illegible] above the clouds.

On over a hundred battle fields the war wages until every home becomes a house of mourning, every hearthstone destitute of a loved form. We watch them as they swing around Vicksburg with Grant; as they startle the rebel [illegible] at Chapultepec [illegible] they stand undaunted a line of fire and steel on which the pride of southern chivalry leaped to death. We watch again that marvelous march from Atlanta to the sea—the march of history—until finally with Grant in front and Sherman behind, they pierce the last remnants of treason and make it a lost cause forever. The shout of victory at last rings along the line from east to west; the last roll of the rebel drum dies away; every rebel hope lies buried.

Then they—America's heroes—pass through the streets of Washington day after day, in final review, and the world beholds the grandest triumphal march ever known, and gives its wondering applause. But wonderful as were their conduct and achievements, no less wonderful was their return to their wonted occupations without a breath of turmoil. In that scene the world saw what could not occur save on American soil. The return to the quiet home of love and once more the bow of peace sets in the sky of America's life, the sweet song of harmony is heard in valley and on mountain side. But, alas! for the expecting mother, the hoping sister, the despairing lover, over 800,000 of the brave ones never returned. Their bones rest beneath the sod of southern fields—in the soldier's trench, it may be uncoffined, unknown. Their blood moistened the sands of the south; their bones are strewn in every path of that terrible war; or they may have lingered to die in a northern home and are now sleeping under the great weeping willows of the north. They fell before the dawn of that glorious day of peace; before the gladsome shout of victory; before they knew the cause for which [illegible] was to live. They sleep their last peaceful sleep in the land they loved and under the flag they served. Their memory can never grow dim, their glory can never die.

On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

They only are dead; they are the cost of the war. An unprecedented prosperity has crowned the industry of America. The nation can give to its widows and orphans but it can never pay the debt of gratitude it owes to its soldiers, living and dead. It was theirs to waste the blood of war, to realize the frightful carnage of battle. And God grant that as they look down from the eternal battlements of heaven they may not see their dear ones wanting for the necessaries of life.

They went down before they saw that beautiful emblem of liberty float in triumph over the land of the free: that old flag whose poetry seems sweeter; whose blue seems bluer, and whose stars seem more brilliant because of the blood which has run in its defense; that unrivalled symbol of freedom which has nerved the hand of the exhausted volunteer on a hundred battle fields and has lighted the border land of the approaching world to the dying patriot with a crimson glory; that gorgeous sign of America's unity which proclaimed the year of jubilee to four million souls, which has gathered to its folds millions upon millions of the oppressed and hopeless from the whole world and inspired them with hope and happiness. They fell before it was established eternally, and they now sit about the camp fires of eternity while it is our privilege to behold its beauty and glory. And as we look upon it we know that nowhere under its protecting folds can the hand of the rebel rise or the clanking chains of slavery exist.

The names of those who placed it where it now waves are written not on crumbling marble alone, but upon the hearts of their countrymen. Their fame and memory will widen and deepen as the pages are added to our history and be perpetual as the sun.

We come in loyal love to rekindle our devotion and to sanctify their memories, and to realize with new force the priceless heritage, made sacred to us by the blood of America's best and bravest sons. And over the graves of those who fell mangled by shot or shell—over the feet blistered and bleeding in the weary march, over the forms sinking to death in the prison cell or dying in the peaceful northern home under hands wreathing the sweetest garlands of flowers—flowers sweet and beautiful though they are—contrast like our feeble words with their undying fame. This day is replete with lessons for us. We learn again to-day that these little mounds covered with flowers and adorned with the flag are the [illegible] milestones by the road which leads the nation to its lofty standard of imperial justice; they mark the road that led America from [illegible] tradition to the brilliant grandeur of the Nineteenth century; the way by which the south marches to the goal of such a development only possible on American soil. And these graves mark the turnpike over which eight million freed bondsmen and their descendants are marching to intelligence, freedom, and God.

We learn again that these heroes loved principle more than life, and all these narrow mounds, as they speak to us of sacrifice sublime, commit to us the safe keeping of the nation's honor. It signifies to you and me that precious as is the dust of America's soldiery dead and sacred his memory; more precious and sacred are the principles for which he [illegible] the nation's life.

Lastly, we are taught by the impressive services of this day the awful lessons of war; we learn how short the distance is from the plow to the sword; we learn again that the foundation of American institutions is patriotism—broader and deeper than republicanism, democracy, [illegible] democracy; a patriotism which when the nation's honor is imperiled, knows no state line, a patriotism older and stronger than the constitution itself.

We learn also that while this Grand Army of veterans is becoming silvered, and one by one responding to the last bugle call, and are marching over to join their comrades in the [illegible] of the dead, another army [illegible] fresh and full [illegible] to make the nation's laws, to shape her destiny or die, if need be, in her defense. We learn that we can shape the future history of our country by inculcating into that mighty reinforcement the eternal principles of human liberty. Let them drink deeply of the fountain of our national life, patriotism. And that they may do so let our national flag float on the [illegible] from hill to hill until the grand chorus [illegible] shall be swelled by the [illegible] of [illegible] told by America's sweetest oratory, let the stars and stripes wave, kiss the breezes from the pole of the American schoolhouse, floating with all its splendor and significance to inspire and exalt the youth of America, and then its own glory will increase as the years roll by; then those [illegible] can suffer [illegible] nor the glory of our nation [illegible] allow any disparagement, but it shall [illegible] of the heavens while humanity [illegible] strides to the [illegible] harmony.

At the conclusion of Mr. Kettle's address Commander Smith introduced the speaker of the day, Judge H. G. Orton, of Princeton, Mo. Judge Orton is a man of fine appearance, a ready and eloquent speaker. The speech was delivered extemporaneously and the GAZETTE regrets that a much better report of it cannot be printed. In [illegible]—Judge Orton began his remarks by stating the pleasure he felt in meeting with the citizens to honor the memory of the comrades who have fallen; here in the shadow of the lofty mountains where joy and beauty, prosperity and culture, have made their home. They have met to do honor to the sacred dead, and to-day there is no distinction among men. The man who fought in the ranks is equal to-day in our consideration with him who held the most exalted station. Referring to the war the speaker said that at the outset the people were ignorant of military life, that all they knew of tactics was that the rear rank was behind the front rank. Our object was to maintain the equal rights of humanity, theirs to overthrow the nation and extend slavery. We did not go to war as enemies, but as friends. Had it not resulted as it did, we should be as France, Germany and Russia, eaten up by the cost of military defense. In speaking of the cost of the war Judge Orton said that 383,000 men were incapacitated and their lives were shortened an average of twelve years. Taking the insurance tables this would amount to three billions of dollars. All the pensions ever paid by the government would not pay 1 per cent. of the amount. The speaker referred to the ancient custom of the Grecians, the Swiss and others in meeting to honor their soldier dead for deeds of bravery. Should the war break out again we would enlist the young men, and with them some of the old veterans of 1861-1865. The speaker gave a personal description of a scene in a hospital in a rebel prison. The speaker referred to the great impetus given the country in every way by the war; how long it had taken to arm for the struggle, how quickly it could be done to-day. Even the machinery of war could be mined and made in 100 days. Judge Orton closed in an eloquent manner, referring to the cause for which he and his comrades fought and of which they were not ashamed.

DECORATION DAY NOTES.

Seven G. A. R. men happened together at the cemetery gates and all were New Yorkers by birth.

Comrade Dana makes a splendid marshal for a parade. He has a genius for it added to a large experience.

Mr. C. A. Fitch's drum corps is a feature of the S. of V. camp and G. A. R., and attracts attention. Mr. Fitch has a fife that he carried through the war.

N. O. Johnson has one of the most prettily decorated windows in the city. The decorations represent a star, in the centre of which is a picture of General Grant.

Comrade Rogers parades in line with the identical uniform that he wore as an artilleryman during the war. It is well preserved and he thinks more of it than of all the other clothes he ever had put together.

Judge H. G. Orton, who delivered the address yesterday, did not ride in the parade as he did not arrive until a few minutes before making his address. Judge Orton was a member of Company C, Seventh Ohio infantry during the war.

G. A. R. Post No. 22 has given Mr Frank Finegan a vote of thanks for the handsome stones marking the corners of their new lots. Mr. Finegan was a member of the Sixty-ninth New York, the famous fighting Irish regiment.

The choir was composed of Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Adamson, Miss Kate Corman, Mrs. Farrar, M. E. Irving, Mr. Benjamin, Mr. O. Hemenway, Mr. Lloyd Adamson, Mr. Corman, Mr. Bosworth and Mr. Rawley, cornetist. The choir sang during the day: "To-day this Hallowed Place we Seek," "Cover Them Over," "Sleep Sacred Dust of Noble Dead" and "America."

Decoration Day at Colorado City.

Decoration day at Colorado City was accorded a general and appropriate observance, many of the business houses being very tastefully decorated with flags and bunting, while the exercises of the day were very interesting and appropriate.

Shortly after 10 o'clock the G. A. R. Post, No. 18, formed with about forty men in line, and were joined by the Sons of Veterans, the Woman's Relief corps, the local lodge of Odd Fellows, children of the public schools, the city mayor and members of the council, and with beautiful wreaths and bouquets of flowers in abundance, marched to the music of drum and fife away to the cemetery where due observances were made in decorating the graves of the dead heroes. The beautiful and appropriate ritualistic service of the Grand Army of the Republic was observed at the cemetery, and after the graves of the veterans and other loved ones passed beyond were decorated, the procession returned for further observance of the day at the church.

At 2 o'clock the G. A. R. post and W. R. C., headed by the drum corps and accompanied by a large number of citizens and Colorado Springs people, formed in line and marched to the M. E. church, which had been very tastefully decorated with flags and bunting and there listened to a very interesting programme consisting of addresses, responses to toasts and music appropriate

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.]

"BROADMOOR."

The Most Available Suburb of Colorado Springs!
A Perfect Pleasure and Health Resort,
Possessing a Complete Water System!

Beautiful Walks! Wooded Parks!

Cheyenne : Lake!
(The Largest Body of Water in the Vicinity.)

Telephone and Electric Motor Connections with the City, and Unsurpassed Views. The Best Opportunity for First-Class Investments.

For Prices on Acre Lots, Blocks or Larger Blocks, Apply at
Company's Office, Gazette Building,
No. 15 PIKE'S PEAK AVE.,
Or to ANY REAL ESTATE AGENT.

THERE IS NO REASON WHY

THE IMPROVEMENTS now being put in will not advance values of KNOB HILL property in a short time fully

[illegible] Per Cent.

For further information call on
A. A. MCGOVNEY, OR ANY [illegible]
113 Kiowa Street, AGENT.

BELLEVUE SANITARIUM.

Accommodations may be obtained at this institution at from $8 to $12 per week, according to room.

Apply to the Matron, at the Sanitarium, East Huerfano street.

READ THIS.

[illegible] & [illegible],
Real Estate, Live Stock and Employment Agents, 104 S. Tejon, up stairs, old stand.

WANTED.

If you are wanting help of any kind, or work of any kind give me a call. I take great care to furnish only such help as is ordered and to do it promptly free of charge.

J. M. HARDEN,
Employment Agent, 31 E. Huerfano St.

WANTED.

IF you need a man or woman for an odd job or permanent work, Hemenway Bros' Agency, 103 East Huerfano, can accommodate you.

WANTED—To exchange a lady's watch for a trunk. Address lock box 512.

WANTED—Situation by girl to do second or laundry work. Address J, this office.

WANTED—A good laundress; references required. Apply at 410 Cascade avenue, between four and six, Monday.

WANTED—By experienced German girl with good references, situation as governess or for second work; is handy in all kinds of sewing. Address A. W., this office.

WANTED—Day boarders at Green Mountain House. Good table a specialty; rates $1 per week. Mrs. M. J. Fouts.

WANTED—Situation as waitress or child's nurse. Apply at 420 North Cascade ave.

WANTED—Our agents make $100 to $300 a month selling our goods on their merits. We want county and general agents, and will take back all goods unsold if a county agent fails to clear $100 and expenses, after a thirty days trial, or a general agent less than $150. We will send large illustrated circulars and letter with a special offer to suit territory applied for, on receipt of 3 one-cent stamps. Apply at once and get in on the boom. Address Renner Manufacturing Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

WANTED—Large, clean rags at the GAZETTE office. 3c per lb.

TO RENT.

TO RENT—Houses to rent from $10.00 to $50.00 in all parts of city.
Inquire of Hemenway Bros.

TO RENT—A room house, completely furnished; bath and furnace; very desirable location. Chas. L. Tutt & Co., 11 Pike's Peak.

TO RENT—Two furnished rooms at 117 South Weber street.

TO RENT—Nicely furnished, pleasant rooms, en suite or single; central location. 128 N. Weber.

TO RENT—At Green Mountain Falls, a newly furnished house in central location. Address box 788, city.

TO RENT—One nice sunny room on ground floor with bath and outside entrance. 308 North Tejon street.

TO RENT—Furnished rooms, single or en suite, for housekeeping; also private board. 502 High street, corner Oak.

TO RENT—A four room house, completely furnished, on ranch 13 miles north, 100 yards from larger house. C. D. Bennet, box 311.

TO RENT—Five room house, 428 N. Weber; rent low. Lawton will tell you about it.

TO RENT—Cottages of three and four rooms, six blocks from business center; newly painted and papered, moderate rent to good tenants. Also 9 room house on North Cascade, 4 blocks from Antlers Hotel. Edward Ferris, 104 Pike's Peak ave.

TO RENT—Furnished; an 8 room house, hot and cold water, bath, large select library; use of horse and carriage. 301 New England Kitchen, 1½ South Tejon.

TO RENT—Furnished cottages. Send for circulars. J. H. Jewett, Green Mountain Falls, Colorado.

TO RENT—Cheap; furnished house of 6 rooms and bath. Apply at 120 E. Willamette ave.

TO RENT—Furnished rooms in the Hagerman Building, elegant, [illegible] and select. Inquire at Club Coffee House.

TO RENT—Hotel of 22 rooms [illegible] if taken soon. Apply to F. P. [illegible] Room, Central Corner.

TO RENT—Two office rooms on second floor, in center of city; electric lights, steam heat, wash closets, etc. Low rent to steady tenant. Edward Ferris, 104 Pike's Peak avenue.

TO RENT—A nicely and fully furnished house of 6 rooms and bath, at 221 N. Nevada Ave.

TO RENT—One upright piano, cheap. 718 S. Wahsatch avenue.

TO RENT—A few desirable rooms for offices in the Midland Block. John Lennon.

TO RENT—Square and upright pianos and sewing machines. Aiken's Music store.

I have money on hand to loan without delay at 8 per cent.
SHERWOOD ALDRICH, Hagerman Building.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—We have some fine suburban residence lots in Ivywild on the new road to Cheyenne. Easy payments. Call on Hemenway Bros.

FOR SALE—A safe; cheap. Apply to Lunt & Arnett, 60 Bank Building.

FOR SALE—Fine driving horse; also combination buckboard and harness. P. O. box 612.

FOR SALE—Buggy, harness and wagon harness. Apply 703 N. Nevada.

FOR SALE—An excellent sorrel colored saddle horse, especially suitable for polo. Address box 33, Colorado Springs.

FOR SALE—At the Elk Livery stables, one new express or delivery wagon; also light business wagon. Will be sold at a bargain.

FOR SALE—$1500 buys a neat and profitable business. $2400 buys a profitable and well established business, this city; clean and light work; can be conducted by a lady or gentleman at a net profit of $120 to $200 per month. Write or apply at Room 35, Midland Block, Colorado Springs.

FOR SALE—At at a bargain: the furniture of 20 rooms with lease of rooms; would rent furnished to right party. 117½ S. Tejon.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, lot 14, block 61, West Colorado Springs; also lots 1 and 2, Block D, Edwards' Addition; easy terms. Apply John A. Sprague, 1.6 Pike's Peak avenue.

FOR SALE—Two buckboards and one two-seated spring wagon, nearly new; also some colts. Will be sold cheap for cash only. Apply to coachman at 1310 North Weber.

FOR SALE—A Standard bred 2 year old colt; broke double, and a fresh milch cow. Enquire at the Beer Garden, south of city.

FOR SALE—First rate saddle and driving horse; sorrel, over 15 hands; sound and kind; seven years old; price $120. Apply at El Paso stable.

FOR SALE—Prime alfalfa. Apply at the Broadmoor office.

FOR SALE—An established business; profitable and clean. Address box 6?1.

FOR SALE—One large safe in good order. Price $100. Geo. H. Parsons, Gazette Building.

The Only Thing Now Used by Fashionable Women

To perpetuate a beautiful complexion is Wisdom's famous Robertine, which is as harmless as the morning dew, as subtle in its action as the magic's wand and as invisible—save the bloom and delicacy it gives to the cheek—as the air we breathe. Read the testimonials from famous artists, celebrated chemists and eminent physicians. Sold by all druggists in Colorado Springs.

WE CAN AND DO

Guarantee Dr. Acker's Blood Elixir, for it has been fully demonstrated to the people of this country that it is superior all other preparations for blood diseases. It is a positive cure for syphilitic poisoning, Ulcers, Eruptions and Pimples. It purifies the whole system and thoroughly builds up the constitution.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

In the Matter of the Estate of James M. Givens, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that on Monday the 29th day of June, A. D. 1891, being one of the regular days of the May term of the county court of El Paso county, in probate, in the state of Colorado, I, Mary L. Givens, administratrix of said estate, will appear before the judge of said court, present my final settlement as such administratrix, pray the approval of the same, and will then apply to be discharged as such administratrix. At which time and place any person in interest may appear and present objections to the same if any there be.

Dated at Colorado Springs, Colorado, May 29th, 1891.

MARY L. GIVENS.
Administratrix of the Estate of James M. Givens, deceased.

[illegible]

EAST END ADDITION!

COMPRISING OVER

One Thousand Lots, 50x165,

With Streets 80 and 100 feet wide and Alleys 20 feet wide. City Pipe Water already introduced, and arrangements now making for Irrigating Water through the streets.

The Electric Car Line Now Runs Through It.

Beautiful Views!

Healthful, Pure Air!

FOR PRICES ENQUIRE OF

THE COLORADO SPRINGS CO.,
Gazette Building,
OR OF
ANY REAL ESTATE AGENT.

SINTON BROS' DAIRY
Fresh Milk, Cream,
[illegible]

THE GAZETTE.

SUNDAY MAY 31, 1891.

The prize drill of the College cadets [illegible] to-day.

Mr. Wallace Aux of Elbert, is in the city for a visit of several days.

The ladies interested in the Hospital Fair will meet at the Hospital to-day at 4 p. m.

Mrs. J M Betnis will leave with her two daughters on Tuesday for a trip to Europe.

Mr. John Darling of Denver is the guest of Mr and Mrs. Duncan Bell for a few days.

Justice Walker will move his headquarters to-morrow to a room over the Exchange National bank.

Five tramps were arrested yesterday while occupying comfortable sleeping quarters in the box cars in the Santa Fe yards.

Next Friday evening the last meeting of the Phoenix society during the college term will be held in the college chapel. An extensive programme will be given.

The officers and Sir Knights of Pike's Peak Commandery K. T. are requested to meet at the Asylum to-day at 3 p. m. prompt. By order of the Eminent Commander.

All Soul's (Unitarian) Church, Antlers hall, services to-day. Rev. Mr. Mellen will preach on "True Heroism" as appropriate to Memorial day. All are cordially welcome.

Messrs. W. F. Beyman, H. L. Smith and H. E. Bryton, three Pueblo bicyclists, came up from that city yesterday on their wheels in five and one half hours, over bad roads.

Mr. Clarence O. Finch, who has been interested in the Pike's Peak Herald for some time, will be connected with the reportorial force of the Evening Telegraph after to-morrow.

Mrs. Sadie Threlkeld, proprietress of the Home restaurant, north of Alamo park, has been confined to her room several days on account of the breaking of a blood vessel in the leg.

Through the efforts of the Clerks' union it has been arranged that all clothing houses, boot and shoe stores, groceries and meat markets will close promptly at 7 o'clock in the evening except on Saturday evenings.

A meeting of business men and clerks will be held at the City hall, Monday evening at 8 o'clock, for the mutual benefit of all parties interested. A full attendance is desired, as business of importance will be discussed at this meeting.

Mr. Eva A. Moore and the Misses Bertha and Anna Moore of [illegible], O., arrived in the city yesterday and will spend the summer with their sisters, Misses Lu and Sue Moore. They have taken the cottage at No. [illegible] North Weber street.

All members of the Carpenter's union are requested to meet at Knights of Honor hall, on Nevada avenue, this afternoon at 1:30 o'clock sharp, for the purpose of attending the funeral of Bro. H. L. Skinner.

St. Mary's Catholic church, Kiowa street and Cascade avenue, Rev. A. Montenarelli, pastor—Low mass 7:30 a. m.; high mass 10 a. m.; Sunday school and catechism for children, 3 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 7:30 p. m.

Services in the Lutheran church (old Christian church) 315 East Huerfano street, at 11 a. m. Rev. E. E. Schwartz will preach on "Christ's Unfathomable Mercy." No evening services. Sunday school at 10 a. m. All are invited.

Three fellows, named Arthur Green, Frank Jones and Wesley Barkman were brought to the city last evening from [illegible]. They are charged with burglarizing Mr Ed Bell's house at that place, and will have an examination to-morrow.

The D. & R. G. now has eight daily trains between here and Manitou, the last one leaving there at 9:45 p. m. Trains for Denver now leave at 3 a. m., 4:30 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 10:40 a. m., [illegible] p. m. and 5:30 p. m. The trains for Salt Lake and California leave at 11:55 a. m. and 10:15 p. m.

Mr. Joseph D. Gavitt, of the GAZETTE news room force, delegate to the International Typographical union, leaves to-day for Boston where the annual meeting will be held, beginning next week. Mr. Gavitt will meet the Denver delegates and proceed with them from Chicago to Boston.

The Hospital Fair will open to-morrow night, and will continue through the week. It will be held in the Weber Hall. All our readers are familiar with the good work that is done in the Hospital for the sick poor. We are sure that this knowledge will get a practical turn, and that the Fair will be what we wish it—a great success.

On Tuesday evening June 9 Rev. H. E. Warner will deliver a lecture on "Vesuvius" and the famous ruins of Pompeii, at the First M. E. church under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society of that denomination. This lecture will be illustrated with sixty rare and beautiful stereopticon views, [illegible] an account of an ascent to Mt. Vesuvius and a description of the crater of to-day. No one should miss this interesting entertainment. The admission fee is only 25 cents.

A Cabinet Change Impending

WASHINGTON, May 30.—The Post this morning prints the following: There is a [illegible] impression on the part of the well informed persons in official circles that while Secretary Noble is not going to leave public service they would not be surprised if in a very short time he would retire from the interior department to accept a prominent place in the diplomatic service.

One story is to the effect that [illegible] will take Minister Smith's place at St. Petersburg. Another and more probable story is that if Secretary Proctor should be selected to succeed Senator Edmunds, which now seems uncertain, Minister Lincoln will be made secretary of war, and Secretary Noble will be sent to the court of St. James.

Secretary Noble is still absent but there are those who believe that he will no longer occupy his present position.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SENATOR PETTIGREW

NEW YORK, May 30.—Private dispatches received from Washington to-day contained the information that Secretary Noble was about to resign. In order to confirm these reports, a reporter called on Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, who is supposed to have received some assurance that the secretaryship of the interior will be tendered to him.

The senator spoke freely yet with deliberation and understood that the interview was for publication. He was asked if he had heard of the rumored resignation of Secretary Noble. He replied: "I received information last evening from Washington, from what I consider a reliable source, that Secretary Noble would shortly vacate his [illegible] in the cabinet. And I think that it is nothing but proper that he should. He is wholly incompetent, intellectually, in temper and [illegible] for the high position he now fills. His appointment was a great mistake."

"Do you know if this step has been forced upon Mr. Noble or whether it is to be taken at his own volition?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't think he has any volition. If he were to go out west and try to make a living by practicing law he would surely starve to death. He has not got the judgment and decision requisite to succeed in high office."

"Do you know of your own personal knowledge that any pressure has been brought to bear upon Secretary Noble?"

"I do not."

"Have you any idea, senator, who will be named to succeed Secretary Noble?"

"I have [illegible]. I know that he is to vacate and that is all. I cannot tell you whether his successor will be from the west or from the south or from any other point."

"From what locality do you think the next secretary of the interior should come?"

"I cannot say just at present. That is not of the greatest importance. The only thing certain is that the present secretary will resign. Mr. Noble is an honest man, a well [illegible] but he is [illegible]. He is not competent to administer the affairs of the interior."

DIED

SKINNER—In this city, Saturday morning May 30th, of [illegible], H. L. Skinner, aged 34. Funeral services at 1:30 today.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Ten cents per line for first insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements to go in every other day or on certain days of the week ten cents per line for each insertion.

HALLETT & BAKER.
Undertakers
No. 7 Cascade avenue Telephone No. 16

FOR SALE—AT A BIG BARGAIN, A $[illegible] STOCK OF DRUGS AND SUNDRIES, ALL IN GOOD ORDER, AT MANITOU. FINE LOCATION. LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH. MUST SELL. H. F. BASSETT, Assignee.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE, LATEST IMPROVED AND REPAIRS FOR ALL ARE NOW AT 126 E. HUERFANO.

CHAS. M. MUIZ, M. D.,
OFFICE 15 AND 16 HAGERMAN BLOCK
OFFICE HOURS 8 TO 11 A. M., 3 TO 5 P. M. 7 TO 8:30 P. M.

Morgan & Headly, Photograph Gallery.

The Boston Chiropodists, Bailey & Fleming, have rooms at 118 South Tejon street, up stairs, Room D. Corns, bunions and ingrowing nails a specialty; calls made at residence if desired.

BOISE CITY, Idaho, May 30.—[illegible] came into this city a few days ago, with a cigar box full of gold quartz, which he deposited in the United States Assay office. It yielded $100 of fine gold. This rock was found only nine miles from Boise City, in the Boise Range. Had this quartz been dug out a hundred miles distant, in some almost inaccessible mountain fastness, there would have followed a stampede of thousands of adventurers, but [illegible] within a stone's throw of a beautiful city, and excites scarcely any comment. Such finds have been made within six to fifteen miles of Boise frequently within the last twenty years, and the [illegible] have declared again and again that the Boise Range contains the richest gold prospects in all Idaho. By mere surface work, in the most primitive fashion, scores of miners are making a good living in these hills. The ore is well adapted to reduction. The Board of Trade of Boise City will gladly assist any firm or company that will erect reduction works at Boise City, provided that the parties aided are thoroughly qualified to operate the works, are men of unquestioned character and will invest enough of their own means to insure the best and most economical management.

SPRAGUE & [illegible],
FINE JOB PRINTING,
105 PIKE'S PEAK AVENUE.

CONANT.
12[illegible] Pike's Peak, corner Nevada. Telephone 17[illegible]
[illegible]
TABLE DELICACIES.

For Schlitz Milwaukee beer by the case, barrel or keg address The Globe Bottling works, P. O. Box 844, Colorado City. All goods delivered free.

Pure Philadelphia Ice Cream at Beur's, 20 East Kiowa street.

All the rage with the school children, Fay & Poley's Petite and Mile. Photos.

JUST RECEIVED AT LITTLE GEM CIGAR STORE, the choicest 5 and 10 cent cigars in the city. Remember the place, old Gazette Building.

Cleaning and Dyeing, 110 South Tejon.

W. A. Davis Undertaking, 114 N. Tejon.

NOTICE TO WATER TAKERS.
Those taking city water will please take notice that the next term for which license is granted will begin June 1st. Water may be shut off from those who are delinquent on the 6th day of June. This notice is in lieu of the usual notice by postal card.
A. H. CORMAN,
City Clerk.

CITY AND COUNTRY AUCTIONEERS.
PEALE, [illegible] & MERRIMAN.
We will sell Real estate, Live stock, Merchandise, Household goods or any kind of property placed in our hands at the old stand, corner of Huerfano and Tejon streets, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Order the Globe Bottling Works Soda, made from pure fruit juices. P. O. Box 844, Colorado City.

PIANOS AND ORGANS for sale or rent. 115 East Huerfano street.

See ASHBY'S special patterns in SOUVENIR SPOONS, Seven Falls, Signal House, Balance Rock, etc., etc. BIRTHDAY STONES set in rings for each month of the year, very pretty style and not expensive.

SPECTACLES fitted accurately at Ashby's.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.
Opera House Wednesday June 3
Grand production of the great Union Square Theatre success
THE COUNTY FAIR.
Presented in its entirety with
A Superb Cast,
Scenic and Mechanical
Embellishments
SEE The Great Horse Race! The Merry Husking Bee SEE
POPULAR PRICES.
Reserved seats now on sale at the Santa Fe and Midland ticket office, Opera House Block.

The Hospital Fair
TO BE HELD AT
WEBER HALL
From June 1st to 6th.
Be Sure to do Something for the Sick Poor

ARCHITECTS.
JOHNSON BROS.
Room 61, 4th Floor—Bank Building.

W. H. McINTYRE.
Fire Insurance.
Represents the following Safe, Fully-established and Reliable Companies:

	Assets.
Insurance Co. of North America of Philadelphia	$[illegible]
Hartford of Hartford	[illegible]
Phenix of Hartford	[illegible]
Pennsylvania of Philadelphia	[illegible]
Continental of New York	[illegible]
Germania of New York	[illegible]
American of Newark, N. J.	[illegible]
California of San Francisco	[illegible]
Orient of Hartford	[illegible]

The Best is the Cheapest.
MONEY TO LOAN
At Lowest Rates
21, 22, 23 Hagerman Block.

$1000,
$2000,
$2500,
$3000,
$4000,
$5000,
To Loan on Real Estate at Lowest Interest.
SHERWOOD ALDRICH,
Real Estate, Investments, Loans.
ROOMS 21, 22, 23 HAGERMAN BLK.

BACON & MEIER,
Real Estate, Investments and Loans.
11 N. Tejon St. Bank Blk.

IRVINE & WYNKOOP,
106 Pike's Peak Avenue.
Houses For Rent or Sale in all Parts of the City.

6 room House, Fountain street	$10 00
3 room House, Maple street	10 00
3 room House, Kiowa street	13 00
4 room House, [illegible] street	12 50
4 room House, Moreno avenue	14 00
5 room House, Rio Grande street	15 00
4 room House and bath, Grand View street	16 00
[illegible] House and barn, High street	17 00
5 room House and bath, Wahsatch avenue	25 00
[illegible] room House and bath, [illegible] street	[illegible]
6 room House and barn, Weber street	30 00
[illegible] room House and bath, Nevada avenue	[illegible]
6 room Furnished House, Wahsatch avenue	40 00
[illegible] room Furnished House and bath, Willamette avenue	[illegible]
7 room Furnished House, Cascade avenue	50 00
[illegible] room Furnished House and bath, [illegible] street	60 00
8 room Furnished House and bath, Kiowa street	[illegible] 00

REAL ESTATE AND LOANS.

MATTHEW KENNEDY,
No. 9 North Tejon Street.

For Rent Furnished.

Desirable house [illegible] bath, open fires and [illegible] North Weber. This can be rented unfurnished if desired.

Nine room house, North Nevada avenue. This house is almost new, has every modern convenience, completely furnished throughout.

Three room cottage, Platte avenue $15 00

House nine rooms, North Weber street $[illegible]

Five room cottage, Platte avenue $[illegible]

Desirable 7 room house North [illegible] avenue [illegible]

Eleven room house North Cascade [illegible] open fires, good closets [illegible] good large carriage [illegible]

[illegible] North Park [illegible] the most desirable [illegible] closets, bath [illegible]

Six room cottage North Tejon [illegible] furnished [illegible]

For Rent—Unfurnished

Seven room house in first class condition on Dale St. near street car line $40 00

Five room house North Nevada avenue $[illegible]

New house, [illegible] rooms [illegible] North Tejon street [illegible]

Three room house [illegible]

[illegible] WELLER & CO.
DEALERS IN
FINE CARRIAGES.
Coupes, Victorias, Cabriolets, Surreys, Game Wagons, Phaetons, Buggies, Buckboards and Carts.
SOLE AGENTS OF
[illegible] Buggy Co.
Largest Retailer [illegible] HARNESS in the City
LEATHER BELTING

Giddings Bros. & Bent Are offering an immense assortment of Ladies' wool and cotton ready-made dresses and wrappers at bargain prices.
Table linens, towels, napkins, the greatest assortment ever shown in this city.
Japanese wash silks 75c, reduced from $1 and $1.25.
Ladies' flannel and silk blouse waists; cheviot and cambric Derby waists.
Table linens, towels and all house furnishing goods at very low prices.
We are offering this week a lot of remnants of Brussels and Moquette carpets at 60c, in lengths of 3 to 10 yards.
GIDDINGS BROTHERS & BENT,
21 South Tejon Street

W. P. BONBRIGHT J. IRVINE SCOTT.
BONBRIGHT & SCOTT,
HAGERMAN BUILDING
MONEY TO LOAN
Upon Improved Real Estate,
ANY AMOUNT. LOWEST RATES.

WHAT A CONTRAST
Though Bancroft was 40 Years
In writing his History of the United States, it will only take you about
Ten Minutes
To discover that the cheapest place in town to buy your
Spring Clothing
FOR
MAN, BOY OR CHILD,
Hats or Furnishings,
—IS AT—
H. C. SHIMP'S,
15 North Tejon Street.

Everything in Latest Styles,
JUST RECEIVED,
NEW MILLINERY!
To Be Sold at Very Low Prices.
Chicago Store. KIOWA STREET. P. ERICKSON

Randall
Has a full line of Whitman's Candies. Hagerman Blk Drug Store.

JOHN POTTER,
13½ South Tejon St.
Real Estate
INSURANCE
MONEY TO LOAN

Wood's Parlor Orchestra!
VIOLIN, FLUTE AND HARP.
Furnishes Music for all occasions. Inquire at Hext & Williams' Music Store, 24 E. Kiowa.

PICKLED
SALMON,
10c per lb.

E. [illegible] McCLOSKEY,
Grocery and Produce
HOUSE
Corner Cascade Ave. and Huerfano St.

SILK SALE!
Thursday, May 28, we will begin a clearance sale of silks

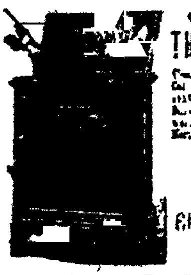
China and India Silks at	50c
China and India Silks at	75c
Faille and Armure	75c
Vestibule and Drapery	75c
Fancy Silks reduced from $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50 and $5 per yard to	$1.50

For conclusive proof of above call early.
Respectfully,
WILBUR & WOLF.

SILKS AND VELVETS JUST OPEN
New Veilings. New Ruchings. New Windsor Ties.
AT
JOHNSON'S.
Prices on balance of goods left from last week's special sale continued until closed.
We have just opened a complete assortment of
STRAW MATTINGS.
N. O. JOHNSON,
[illegible]4 East Pike's Peak Ave.

GODFREY KISSEL NO 104 Pike's Peak.
FOR SALE.
Furnished house on North Nevada Avenue.
Furnished house on N. Weber Street.
Cottage of 10 rooms on E. Huerfano Street.
Half interest in block on Knob Hill.
Corner lot 200x190 on Weber and San Rafael Streets.
Improved corner lot on E. Huerfano Street.
Lots in Cahn's Addition.
Four lots in Cahn's Addition No. 2, very cheap.
Seven room house on S. Wahsatch, with good cellar, barn for two horses, henner y, cow houses, hay bins, lawn, trees—in good order.
$5[illegible] at 7 per [illegible]
Long List of Improved and Unimproved Properties in All Parts of the City.
Special Furnished House, with all modern improvements, in Manitou, for sale, or will exchange for improved Colorado Springs property.
Agent for Properties in Pueblo.

FINE BOATING
AT
Prospect Lake.



REFRIGERATORS.
Get the Best
THE LEONARD
[illegible]
A. MATHEWS,
Sole Agent for
El Paso County
[illegible] N. TEJON ST.

G. A. BERRY,
Carriage Painting and
Carriage Trimming.
19 West Huerfano Street, Colorado Springs.

THE BEST AND PUREST
Milk, Butter and Cream,
Also a full line of Spring Vegetables, which will be delivered to any part of the city.
Colorado Springs Garden Co.
TELEPHONE [illegible]
Registered Jerseys and Holsteins. Visitors Welcome.

BARGAINS
In Ladies', Children's and [illegible]
Fine Shoes!
MATT CONWAY,
No. 19 East Pike's Peak Avenue.

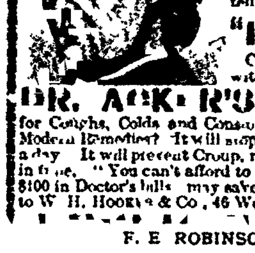
THE LAST CALL.
We offer a fine 5-acre tract joining the Spruce and Rock I[illegible] Additions, for $6500. It can be platted into 44 lots and ret[illegible] a profit of 100 per cent. We have received word from the owner[illegible] the east that they will withdraw it from the market if it is no[illegible] in the next few days. If you are looking for a gilt-edged speculation it will pay you to see this before it is everlastingly too late.
$2500 TO LOAN AT 8 PER CENT ON A 1 SECURITY
[illegible] BROS.,
The Pioneer Installment Real Estate Dealers,
No. 28 South Tejon Street.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.
Prices Lower than Ever.
FOR INSTANCE: 1 Antique or XVI Suit, bed 5 ft 10 inches high, dresser with 20x24 German plate washstand with splasher back, for $14.65.
BIG talk don't always make SMALL prices.
COME AND SEE.
JOHN LENNOX,
114 and 116 E. Pike's Peak Ave.

J. R. MACMILLAN,
Dealer in Mines and Mining Stocks
REFERENCES
H. P. Cowenhoven & Co., Aspen.
First National Bank, of Aspen.
P. O. Box 153, Aspen, Colo.
ASPEN CALL STOCK LIST.
Mollie Gibson,
Argentum and Juniata,
Bushwhacker,
Little Annie,
Best Friend,
Park, Mamie and Queen,
St. Joe and Mineral Farm Con.
Aspen Mining & Smelting Co.
Pontiac,
Della S.
[illegible]

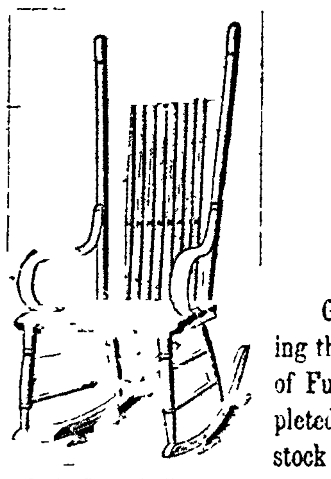
Fine Glassware Notions, Hammocks, Cigars, Candies, Croquet Sets and all goods generally found in a first class novelty store. Sole agent for CASLER'S ORIENTAL PASTE.
113 EAST HUERFANO STREET. Armbruster.

PIANOS AND ORGANS!
PIANOS { KNABE, SCHOMACKER, Gold String, OPERA, and BUSH & GERT'S.
Estey and Chicago Cottage Organs
SOLE AGENTS for the Standard Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine, Banjos, Guitars, Mandolins, Violins, Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise. Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines for rent.
HEXT & WILLIAMS - - No 24 East Kiowa Street.



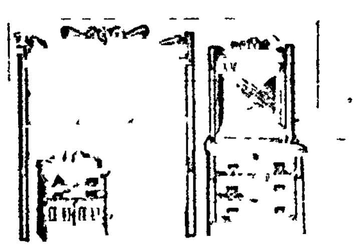
WHY DO YOU COUGH?
Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often fastens on the lungs and far too often runs into Consumption and ends in Death? People suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Consumption will all tell you that
"I STARTED WITH A COLD."
Can you afford to neglect it? Can you trifle with so serious a matter? Are you aware that
DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY
for Coughs, Colds and Consumption is beyond question the greatest of all Modern Remedies? It will stop a Cough in one night. It will check a Cold in a day. It will prevent Croup, relieve Asthma and cure Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25 cent bottle may save you $100 in Doctor's bills—may save your life! Ask your druggist for it, or write to W. H. Hooker & Co., 46 West Broadway, New York, for book.
F. E. ROBINSON, Wholesale and Retail Agent.

Now is the Time to Buy Your Furniture!



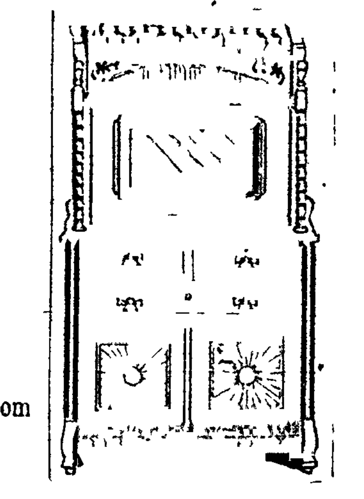
Oak Polish Finish,
$2.68.

Ground will be broken for our new building this week. We will put on the finest line of Furniture carried in the West, when completed. Until then we will sell the present stock at prices never before made in this city.

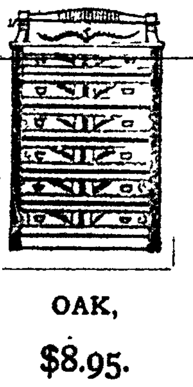


Suit,
Spring Mattress,
Chair,
Rocker,
$22.85.

The largest stock to select from.
The latest designs in fine goods.
You can furnish your house complete from our stock.

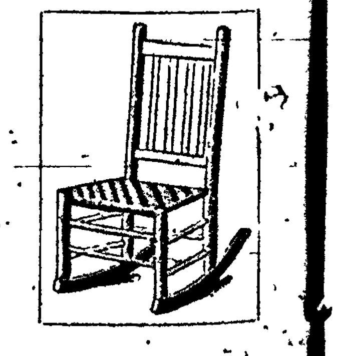


$17.35.



OAK,
$8.95.

THE DE LA VERGNE FURNITURE COMPANY,
125, 127 and 129 So. Tejon St.



98c.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

By General Viscount Wolseley, G.C.B.,

Commanding the Forces in Ireland.

(Written for the Gazette.)

PART VI.

Grant now wisely determined to move all the armies of the United States toward one great common and central object. The hitherto desultory and divergent operations of those several armies, as directed by the war minister at Washington, had generally resulted in defeat, and even victory brought little advantage with it. Mr. Stanton, the civilian secretary of war, seems to have been under the delusion that his genius for war was as great as his wire-pulling ability, that he was as sound a strategist as he was clever as a politician. As long as he was allowed to select the lines of operation for the Northern armies, their objectives had seldom any intimate relation one with the other. In each instance the particular object aimed at was good and useful in itself, but each army played its own game, on its own hand I may say. Henceforth, under Grant's direction they were to be all worked as mere pieces in the one big game to be played by one head, upon one great board. He meant to move them towards one common object, working them as a team, one helping the other. The pace and results demanded from each were to be largely regulated by the doings of the neighboring armies, and of their subsidiary columns. In fact, General Grant meant to conduct the war thenceforward on true military principles. Of those principles Mr. Stanton, who had previously directed the federal armies, ordering them hither and thither, had only that little knowledge which is proverbially dangerous in all sciences, and which almost always means disaster in war.

Grant's orders to Sherman were to attack General Johnston's army wherever it was, and to fight and follow it constantly wherever it went. Above all things, he was to lay hold of it, never to relax his grip of it, and, by doing so, preclude the possibility of any part of it being sent to reinforce Lee near Richmond. He was, if possible, to break up and annihilate Johnston's army, for which the force at his disposal was considered to be amply sufficient. His mission was to get into the interior of Georgia and destroy its railways and great resources as far as possible.

Gen. Joseph Johnston, appointed in December, 1854, to command the Army of Tennessee, had established his headquarters at Dalton, Ga., about thirty miles southeast of Chattanoogh. The army only numbered about 36,000 men, "of whom 6000 were without arms and as many without shoes." All ranks suffered much from want of blankets, and the gun horses and transport mules were in very poor condition. What a contrast to the well fed, well found, and I may say, luxuriously equipped army opposed to it! By May 1 Johnston's army had been raised to about 37,000 foot, 2300 horse and 2800 gunners and drivers—in all to about 40,000 horse and foot and 112 guns. That is 2.8 guns per 1000 fighting men.

Poor Mr. Davis, who, like Mr. Stanton, seemed to think himself a heaven-born general, had conceived the notion that Johnston, joined by Longstreet's corps from Morristown, making up an army of 75,000 men, would be strong enough for an advance into Tennessee with a view to the recapture of that State for the Confederacy. Early in March, 1865, General Bragg, Mr. Davis staff officer, had formulated a plan of campaign with this object in view. It was faulty in the extreme, and Johnston did not hesitate to say so to the Confederate president. At any rate, it could not be carried out. As Johnston in his remonstrance had predicted, the Federal army, with every want amply supplied, was ready to move from Chattanooga long before his ill-equipped and numerically very inferior army was in any condition for offensive operations.

As in most campaigns Sherman's first difficulty was to arrange for the regular supply of food, equipment, ammunition, and all sorts of military stores required by an army on the march. His lines of communication ran through a fertile country, traversed at will by the enemy's roving cavalry. The Confederate horsemen were most enterprising in cutting off detached posts, burning great depots of food, destroying bridges, etc. Nashville was Sherman's principal base, and immense quantities of food and supplies and stores of all kinds had been collected there. Behind Nashville his line of communication was with Louisville on the Ohio river, a distance of about 200 miles, and by water down the Cumberland and Ohio rivers to Cairo on the Mississippi. Both these lines had to be carefully guarded, and a large number of men were required for the purpose. The American lines of railway in those days were of very flimsy construction, and consequently an easy prey to the raiding cavalry bent on their destruction. All the bridges, culverts, and most of the biggest viaducts were of pine, easily burnt or destroyed by gun cotton, so almost all required detachments for their protection. In many instances bridges and viaducts required a well constructed block house at each end. Indeed, there was nothing of the permanent way beyond the rails themselves, that was at all permanent on these lines, or that a few hours' work could not destroy. Even the rails were easily rendered useless. Placed across a pile of burning sleepers and made red-hot, they were easily bent, or twisted round a tree cork-screw fashion. When thus not only bent, but twisted, they could never be used again until they were re-rolled.

The only line of communication upon whose protection he bestowed most care was the line of railway from Louisville to Nashville, and so on to Chattanooga. On it he relied for most the supplies he required. But it was very much exposed to Wade Hampton's dashing horsemen.

To reduce as far as possible the supply difficulty during the advance upon Atlanta, all ranks were obliged to carry on their horses or their persons food for five days, besides what they required in the way of blankets or greatcoats. Each battalion was allowed but one wagon and one ambulance. To the officers of each company one mule or pack-horse was allotted, but no tents were to be taken, except one per battalion as an office, and a few with each division for the sick and wounded. According to the official returns General Sherman quotes in his Memoirs, the strength of each battalion in the Army of the Cumberland when it started on this march was 300 bayonets, and of each regiment of cavalry about 290 troopers. In the other army corps these numbers were about the same. I wonder what the English lieutenant colonel, who grumbles because his battalion is only 700 men would say were he assigned the command of a battalion of 300 raw, untrained, undrilled recently enlisted recruits!

It is very easy to be critical of operations in the field. Watched from some commanding height, the pace in a steeplechase or in any run with hounds always seems slow to the observer. But to the riders this is not the case. They are all the time doing their best over the big fences or difficult ground to be crossed. They see the banks, and brooks, and hedges close before them, and can fairly estimate their nature and how best to "negotiate" them. And so it is with an army in the field. The general's mind is racked with the natural difficulties to be surmounted, the broken bridges to be repaired, the swamps to be crossed, but, above all things with anxieties on the score of food, ammunition, and other supplies without which he cannot keep the field at all. But to the distant observer, to the self-elected unmilitary critic, the delays seem unaccountable, the pace extremely slow.

On the other hand, without a close criticism of every campaign, the student gathers little benefit from military history.

Approaching General Sherman's advance upon Atlanta with this idea, it would seem he ought to have done more at first with his enemy than he accomplished. His army was certainly twice that of Johnston's in strength; perhaps two-and-a-half times greater would be nearer the exact truth. It was clearly his policy to force Johnston into a general action as near as possible to his base at Chattanooga. This was the case not only for supply reasons, but because the further he advanced from thence the heavier would be the calls upon him for large detachments to protect his increasing line of communications. Johnston, on the other hand, would, in falling back, pick up detachments and stragglers from day to day. Besides, the northern armies had a way of rapidly diminishing in numbers the further they proceeded from their base. It is very easy to push an adversary, when you are over twice his strength, but to push him back should not content any commander under those circumstances; he should destroy him whilst doing so. As it was, General Johnston was allowed to withdraw behind the Coosa and Etowah rivers without any serious loss. The confederate general was not able to avail himself of the use of field works as much as he would have liked, as he was sadly in want of entrenching tools. As it was, however, he very roughly handled his antagonist at the battle of New Hope Church, where Sherman entirely failed, after many days' fighting to dislodge him. Sherman had been a month in moving less than 100 miles, along or parallel to a railway; and although over twice his enemy in numbers, he had not as yet punished him at all severely. The country was, of course, difficult; but even admitting that, his total loss in killed, wounded and missing—over 9,000—was not, I think, compensated for by what he had won. The Confederate losses were somewhat over 5,000 in killed and wounded. They seem to have lost very few as prisoners in this first month of the campaign. General Johnston scoffs at the notion that Sherman's slow rate of advance may be fairly set down to the physical difficulties of the country traversed. He adds, "I would gladly have given all the mountains, ravines, rivers and woods in Georgia for such a supply of artillery ammunition, proportionally, as he had."

It has always struck me that Sherman's over-cautious slowness of movement was here the result of the very high reputation as a leader generally accorded to Johnston, and acknowledged by all the regular officers in the United States army. During this early part of the campaign, Sherman seemed rather to aim at the protection of his army from some skilful counter attack by his active and redoubtable enemy, than at any bold offensive operations of his own. In fact, he was determined to afford Johnston no opportunity for any display of his well-known genius and enterprise. The result was a hesitating slowness of movement. Notwithstanding his great numerical superiority, he hesitated to adopt any rigorous offensive in front of so skilful a tactician. This illustrates very usefully and clearly the power and effect of one of the many moral influences always at work in war, not only upon the heart and soul of an army as a whole, but upon the brain, reasoning, and actions of individual commanders. The cautious nature of the policy to which Sherman here carefully restricted himself was apparently dictated by the dread that he might omit some precaution, and so give his clever antagonist an opening of which he might be able to take advantage. How often is this the case at chess. A man, perhaps a good player, destroys his play by over-caution, the result of the awe with which his antagonist, of great repute as a player, has inspired him.

On June 10, 1864, Sherman again moved forward his manoeuvring army. Again largely reinforced, it numbered in round figures about 100,000 men. For a commander embarked in a great offensive policy, he from the first evinced a considerable want of confidence in his own genius and in the fighting power of his army, by the care with which he entrenched every position taken up near Johnston. Sherman says, that during this campaign alone "hundreds if not thousands of miles of" shelter trenches "were built by both armies, and, as a rule, whichever party attacked one of them got the worst of it."

On June 27, 1864, Sherman [illegible] tried to attack Johnston in his fortified position on Kenesaw mountain. It was a bloody affair, but at the end of two and a half hours' heavy firing on each side, the Northerners were beaten back with very great loss at all points. As both the commanding generals say in their narratives, a continuous battle had raged from June 10th to July 3d. Johnston held on to positions round Marietta for twenty six days, during which time his army suffered much from want of gun ammunition. Indeed, he tells us, there was so little of it that it had to be reserved for pitched battles. What a commentary upon the conditions under which the two armies fought! That of the north constantly re-inforced with recruits obtained by enormous bounties, running as high as £300 and £400 a man, was now in strength considerably over twice that of the army opposed to it. It was well fed, most liberally supplied with every field requisite, and with as much ammunition of all sorts as it chose to use. On the other hand, the Confederate army was very poorly provided with everything a soldier wants in the field, ill shod, and, indeed, some thousands of men were without any shoes at all. But its spirit was high, and there was no foreign element in it. Its soldiers were all men of the southern soil, fighting in what they believed to be a just, a lawful war, for everything man holds dear.

There is great discrepancy in the accounts given by the two sides of the northern losses in these battles up to July 3. But, as General Johnston says, the 10,000 and odd graves in the Marietta cemetery bear silent witness to the Northern losses south of the Etowah river.

Mile by mile Johnston's army was forced back by Sherman's careful, but well devised turning manoeuvres. On July 9 the Confederate army fell back behind the Chatahoochee river, over which two Federal army corps had crossed the preceding day. By July 17 all Sherman's army was on the left bank of that river.

It seems to me that General Johnston did not, upon this occasion, act up to his reputation as an enterprising commander. He surely ought, even with his inferior army, to have made Sherman pay dearly during the very difficult operation of crossing an army of about 100,000 men over the unfordable Chatahoochee river. The best crossing places had been previously entrenched with the most skilfully and carefully constructed field works. He held a central position, and his very strong bridgehead, where the railway spanned that stream, insured him command of both banks.

Mr. Davis now took a most fatal step. He recalled Johnston, and substituted for him, the very third-rate leader, General Hood. The Fabian policy adopted, and necessarily adopted by Johnston, did not find favor with the government at Richmond, nor indeed with the southern people. They had come to regard victory as the natural result of every encounter between the two forces, no matter what might be the superior strength of the Northern army. "Why does Joe Johnston fall back? Why does he not fight Sherman?" were the angry questions on every southerner's lips, and they were echoed in all their daily leading articles. His cautious policy was as generally condemned, as was Wellington's when he fell back before Massena to Torres Vedras. Such a policy never suits an impatient people, still less the well-fed political gentlemen who sit at home at ease. It has ever been, it ever will be so. God help the unfortunate commander entrusted with the defence of England, when, without fighting a pitched battle, he falls back from the south and east coasts towards selected positions near London. What a howl of ignorant anger will go up to heaven from the wise citizens of London, and the host of self constituted military critics. How unsparing will be their condemnation of a policy, and of operations they cannot understand, much less appreciate.

Upon the evening of July 17 Johnston received an order by telegram to hand over his command to General Hood. Folly had reached its zenith in the council chamber at Richmond. Sherman writes on this subject: "The character of a leader is a large factor in the game of war, and I confess I was pleased at this change." He had, indeed, every good reason to be so.

Under Johnston, Hood had been a perverse—one might even say an insubordinate—second in command. Upon more than one occasion during the retreat he had deliberately disobeyed his general's orders. He was captious and fault-finding, and never seems to have thrown himself heartily or cordially into the operations designed by his chief. The Confederate government suffered seriously by his employment wherever he was, but never so fatally as during Johnston's retreat to Atlanta.

On July 22 he sallied from that city and attacked the Federals, who were taken by surprise. A bloody, indecisive, and fruitless battle ensued, which left things tolerably as they were, except that it was a heavy drain upon his small store of gun ammunition, and that it played General Sherman's game as regarded losses. Hood could not afford to exchange the body of one Confederate soldier for two Federals killed or wounded.

On the night of September 1, 1864, General Hood evacuated Atlanta. It was a most serious loss to the Confederacy. Had Johnston been left in command of the Southern army, Sherman would not have had so easy a victory, nor do I think the latter would have even attempted the daring movement which led directly to the evacuation of that place. Sherman knew he had a very different man to deal with in Hood, and that he could afford to take liberties he would not have ventured upon against Johnston. Mr. Davis's mad dismissal of Johnston relieved Sherman's mind of the weight with which his belief in, his awe of Johnston's ability as a leader, had previously burdened it. With Hood as an antagonist he breathed freely again, and seemed to have become all at once a new man. Hesitation and diffidence in his own powers no longer numbed his brain, or paralysed his arm. There returned to him that confidence in his own powers which is essential to success, and which, in war is so commonly the precursor of victory.

In my next article I propose to follow his career through the Atlanta campaign to the grave of the Confederacy.

The contract for the construction of the boat [illegible] at [illegible] has been let to [illegible] & Walsh for $1600.

THE SOUTH SEAS.

STEVENSON'S LETTERS FROM A LEISURELY TRAVELER.

Hawaii the Desolate and Shrouded. The Village of Hookena. The Lava Beds of Kona. Civilized Islanders. A Trial and a Speechmaker.

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[illegible], Samoan Islands, Dec. 1890.

Of the island of Hawaii, though I have passed days becalmed under its lee, and spent a week upon its shores, I have never yet beheld the profile. Dense clouds continued to enshroud it far below its midst; not only the zone of snow and fire, but a great part of the forest region, covered or at least veiled by a perpetual rain. And yet even on my first sight beholding so little, and that through a glass from the deck of the Casco, the rude plutonic structure of the isle was conspicuous. Here was none of the accustomed glitter of the beach, none of the cocoa-shorn side forests of the typical high island. All seemed black and barren, and to slope sheer into the sea. Unexpected movements of the land caught the attention; folds that glittered with a certain vitreosity; black mouths of caves; ranges of low cliffs, vigorously designed awhile in sun and shadow, and that sank again into the general declivity of the island glacis. Under its gigantic cowl of cloud the coast frowned upon us with a face of desolation.

On my return I passed from a humming city, with shops and palaces and busy wharves, plying cabs and tram cars, telephones in operation and a railway in the building; mounted a strong and comfortable local steamer; sailed under desolate shores indeed, but guided in the night by sea and harbor lights, and was set down at last in a village uninhabited by any white, the creature of pure native taste of which, what am I to say but that I know no such village in Europe? A well-to-do western hamlet in the states would be the closest parallel; and it is a moderate prophecy to call it so already.

Hookena is its name. It stands on the same coast which I had wondered at before from tossing Casco, the same coast on which the far voyager Cook ended a noble career not very nobly. That district of Kona where he fell is one illustrious in the history of Hawaii. It was at first the centre of the dominion of the great Kamehameha. There, in an unknown sepulchre, his bones are still hidden: there, too, his reputed treasures, spoils of a buccaneer, lie, and are still vainly sought for, in one of the thousand caverns of the lava. There the Tabus were first broken, there the missionaries first received; and, but for the new use of ships and the new need of harbors, here might be still the chief city and the organs of the kingdom. Yet a nearer approach confirmed the impression of the distance. It presents to the seaward one immense decline. Streams of lava have followed and submerged each other down this slope, and overflowed into the sea. These cooled and shrank, and were buried under fresh inundations or dislocated by fresh tremors of the mountain. A multiplicity of caves is the result. The mouths of caves are everywhere; the lava is tunnelled with corridors and halls; under houses high on the mountain the sea can be heard throbbing in the bowels of the land, and there is one gallery of miles which has been used by armies as a pass. Streams are thus unknown. The rain falls continually in the highlands; an isle that rises nearly 14,000 feet sheer from the sea could never fail of rain, but the treasure is squandered on a sieve and by sunless conduits returns unseen into the ocean. Corrugated slopes of lava, bristling lava cliffs, spouts of metallic clinkers, miles of coast without a well or rivulet, scarce anywhere a beach, nowhere a harbor—here seems a singular land to be contended for in battle as a seat for courts and princes. Yet it possessed in the eyes of the natives one more than countervailing advantage. The windward shores of the isle are beaten by a monstrous surf; there are places where goods and passengers must be hauled up and lowered by a rope; there are coves which even the daring boatman of Hamakua dread to enter; and men live isolated in their hamlets or communicate by giddy footpaths in the cliff. Upon the side of Kona the table-like margin of the lava affords almost everywhere a passage by land, and the waves, reduced by the vast breakwater of the island, allow an almost continual communication by way of sea. Yet even here the surf of the Pacific appears formidable to the stranger as he lands, and daily delights him with its beauty as he walks the shore.

The land and sea breezes alternate on the Kona coast with regularity, and the veil of rain draws up and down the talus of the mountain, now retiring to the zone of forests, now descending to the margin of the sea. It was in one of the latter and rarer moments that I was set on board a whale boat full of intermingled barrels, passengers and oarsmen, the rain fell and blotted the crude and sombre colors of the scene. The coast rose but a little way; is was then intercepted by the cloud; and, for all that appeared, we might have been landing on an isle of some 200 feet of elevation. On the immediate foreshore, under a low cliff, there stood some score of houses, trellised and verandaed, set in narrow gardens, and painted gaudily in green and white; the whole surrounded and shaded by a grove of cocoa palms and fruit trees, springing (as by miracle) from the bare lava. In front the population of the neighborhood were gathered for the weekly incident, the passage of the steamer, sixty to eighty strong, and attended by a disproportionate allowance of horses, mules, and donkeys; for this land of rock is, singular to say, a land of breeding. The green trees, the painted houses, the gay dresses of the women, were everywhere relieved on the uncompromising blackness of the lava; and the rain which fell, unheeded by the sightseers, blended and beautified the contrast.

The boat was run in upon a breaker and we promptly ejected on a flat rock, where the next wave submerged us to the knees. There we continued to stand, the rain drenching us from above, the sea from below, like people mesmerized; and as we were all (being travelers) tricked out with the green garlands of departure, we must have offered [illegible] the same appearance as a [illegible]. The purser [illegible] and introduced me to my host, ex-Judge Nahinu, who was then deep in business, dispatching and receiving goods. He was dressed in pearl gray tweed, like any self respecting Englishman, only the band of his wide-awake was made of peacock's feather.

"House by and by," said he, his English being limited, and carried me to the shelter of a rather lofty shed. On three sides it was open, the fourth [illegible] by a house. It was reached from without by two or six wooden steps. On the fourth side a further flight of steps conducted to the balcony of the house. A table spread with goods divided it across, so I knew it for the village store and (according to the laws that rule in countries [illegible]) the village lounging place. People sat with dangling feet along the house veranda; they sat on benches on the [illegible] of the shed or among the goods upon the counter, they came and went, they talked and waited; they opened, skimmed and pocketed half read, their letters; they opened the journal and found a moment, not for the news, but for the current number of the story. [illegible] I might have been in France and the paper The Petit Journal instead of The Nupepa Elele. On other islands I had been the centre of attraction; here none observed my presence. One hundred and ten years before the ancestors of these indifferents had looked in the faces of Cook and his seamen with admiration and alarm; called them gods, called them volcanoes, took their clothes for a loose skin, confounded their hats with their heads, and described their pockets as a "treasure door, through which they plunge their hands into their bodies and bring forth cutlery and necklaces and cloth and nails;" and to day the coming of the most attractive stranger failed (it would appear) to divert them from Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," for that was the novel of the day. "Na Lii o Sekotia" so ran the title in Hawaii.

My host returned, and led me round the shore among the mules and donkeys to his house. Like all the houses of the hamlet, it was on European, or to be more descriptive, on the American plan. The parlor was fitted with the usual furniture, and ornamented with the portraits of Kamehameha the Third, Lunalilo, Kalakaua, the queen consort of the isles, and Queen Victoria. There was a Bible on the table, other books stood on a shelf. A comfortable bedroom was placed at my service, the welcome afforded me was cordial, and unembarrassed, the food good and plentiful. My host, my hostess, his grown daughters, strapping lasses, his young hopefuls, misbehaving at a meal or perfunctorily employed upon their schoolbooks; all that I found in that house, beyond the speech and a few exotic dishes on the table, would have been familiar and exemplary in Europe.

I walked that night beside the sea. The steamer, with its lights and crowd of tourists was gone by; it had left me alone among these aliens, and I felt no touch of strangeness. The trim, lamplit houses shining quietly like villas, each in its narrow garden; the gentle sound of speech from within; the room that awaited my return, with the lamp and the books and the spectacled householder studying his bible—there was nothing changed; it was in such conditions I had myself grown up and played, a child, beside the borders of another sea. And some ten miles from where I walked Cook was adored as a diety; his bones, when he was dead, were cleansed for worship; his entrails devoured in a mistake by rambling children.

A day of session in the Hookena court house equally surprised me. The judge, a very intelligent, serious Hawaiian, sat behind a table, taking careful notes, two policemen, with their bright metal badges, standing attention at his back or bustling forth on errands. The plaintiff was a Portuguese. For years he had kept store and raised cattle in the district without trouble or dispute. His store stood always open—it was standing so, seven miles away, at the moment of the case—and when the cattle strayed they were duly impounded and restored to him on payment of one shilling. But recently a gentleman of great acuteness and a thousand imperfect talents had married into the family of a neighboring proprietor, consecutively on which event the storekeeper's cattle began to be detained and starved, the fine rose to half a dollar, and lastly a cow had disappeared. The Portuguese may have been right or wrong; he was convinced the newcomer was the mainspring of the change, called a suit in consequence against the father-in-law, and it was the son-in-law who appeared for the defence. I saw him there, seated at his ease, with spectacles on brow; still young, much of a gentleman in looks, and dressed in faultless European clothes, and presently, for my good fortune, he arose to address the court. It appears he has already stood for the Hawaiian Parliament, but the people (I was told) "did not think him honest," and he was defeated. Honesty, to our ways of thought, appears a trifle in a candidate, and I think we have few constituents to refuse so great a charmer. I understood but a few dozen words, yet I heard the man with delight, followed the junctures of his argument, knew when he was enumerating points in his own favor, when he was admitting those against him, when he was putting a question "per absurdum," when (after the due pause) he smilingly replied to it. There was no haste, no heat, no prejudice; with a hinted gesture, with a semitone of intonation, the speaker lightly set forth and underlined the process of reason; he could not shift a foot or touch his spectacles but what persuasion radiated in the court; it is impossible to conceive a style of oratory more rational or civilized. The point to which he spoke was pretty in itself. The people, as I had been told, did not think the orator honest; some judge, on a particular occasion, had inclined to the same view, and the man of talent was disbarred. By a clause in a statute a lawyer might conduct a case for himself or for one of his own family. Is a father-in-law one of a man's own family? "Yes," argued the orator; "No," with less grace and perspicuity, Fabian, retained by the Portuguese. The laws of the tight little kingdom are conceived in duplicate for the Hawaiian hare and his many white friends. The native text appearing inconclusive, an appeal was made to the English, and I ("as amicus curiae") led out, fastened upon the court house steps, and painfully [illegible] to its [illegible] significance. The judge [illegible] the orator [illegible] Nahinu; he received by the mouth of the school master my report, for which he thanked me with a bow, and ruled the claimant out. This skirmish decided the fate of the engagement; fortune was faithful to the Portuguese, and late in the afternoon the capable judge rode off homeward with his portfolio under his arm. No court could have been more equally and decently conducted. Judge, parties, [illegible] were all courteous and competent and but for the plaintiff the business was entirely native.

The Portuguese had come seven miles to Hookena sure of substantial justice and he left his store open, fearless of being robbed. Another white man of strong sense and much frugality and choler thus reckoned up what he had lost by theft in thirty nine years among the different islands of Hawaii. A pair of shoes, an umbrella, some feet of hose pipe and one batch of chickens. It was his continual practice to send Hawaiians by a perilous, solitary path with sums of specie, at any moment the messenger might slip, the money bag roll down a thousand feet of precipice, and lodge in fissures inaccessible to men, and—consider how easy it were to invent such misadventures. "I should have to know a white man well before I trusted him," he said; "I trust Hawaiians without fear. It would be villainous of me to say less." It should be remembered the Hawaiians of yore were not particular; they were eager to steal from Cook, whom they believed to be a god, and it was a theft that led to the tragedy at Kealakeakua bay, and it must not be forgotten that the Hawaiians of to day are many of them poor. One residual trait of savage incompetence I have already referred to; they cannot administer a trust. I was told there had never yet been a case known. Even a judge skilled in the knowledge of the law and upright in its administration, was found insusceptible of those duties and distinctions which appear so natural and come so easy to the European. But the disability stands alone, a single survival in the midst of change, and the faults of the modern Hawaiian incline to the other side. My orator of Hookena court room may be a gentleman much maligned; I may have received his character from the lips of his political opponents, but the type described is common. The islands begin to fill with lawyers, many of whom justly or unjustly are disbarred and to the age of Kamehameha the age of Glossin has succeeded. Thus none would rob the store of the Portuguese, but the law was wrested to oppress him.

It was of old a warlike and industrious race. They were diggers and builders; the isles are still full of their deserted monuments; the modern word for law Kanawai—"water rights" still serves to remind us of their ancient irrigation. And the island story is compact of battles. Their courage and good will to labor seem now confined to the sea, where they are active sailors and fearless boatmen, pursue the shark in his own element, and make a pastime of their incomparable surf. On shore they flee equally from toil and peril, and are all turned to carpet occupations and to parlous frauds. Nahinu, an ex-judge, was paid but $2 for a hard day in court, and he is paying $1 a day to the laborers among his coffee. All Hawaiians envy and are ready to compete with him for this odd chance of an occasional fee for some hours' talking; he cannot find one to earn a certain hire under the sun in his plantation and the work is all transacted by immigrant Chinese. One cannot but be reminded of the love of the French middle class for office work; but in Hawaii it is the race in bulk that shrinks from manly occupation. During a late revolution a lady found a powerful young Hawaiian crouching among the grass in her garden. "What are you doing there?" she cried, for she was a strong partisan. "Do you not know they are murdering your king?" "I know," said the skulker. "Why do you not go to help him?" she asked. "Afraid," said the poor craven, and crouched again among the grass. Here was a strange grandchild for the warriors that followed or faced Kamehameha. I give the singular instance as the more explicit; but the whole race must have been stricken at the moment with a similar weakness. No man dare say of this revolution that it was unprovoked; but its means were treachery and violence; the numbers and position of those engaged made the design one of the most insolent in history; and a mere modicum of native boldness and cohesion must have brought it to the dust. "My race had one virtue, they were brave;" said a typical Hawaiian, "and now they have taken that away."

I have named a French example; but the thought that haunts the stranger in Hawaii is that of Italy. The ruggedness of feature which marks out the race among the Polynesians is the Italian ruggedness. Countenances of the same eloquent harshness, manners of the same vivacious cordiality, are to be found in Hawaii and among Italian fisherfolk. I know no race that carries years more handsomely, or whose people, in the midst of life, retain more charm. I recall faces, both of men and women, with a certain leonine stamp, trusty, sagacious, brave, beautiful in plainness; faces that take the heart captive. The tougher struggle of the race in these hard isles has written history there; energy enlivens the Hawaiian strength. Or did so once, and the faces are still eloquent of the lost possession. The stock that has produced a caesar, Kamehameha, a Kaahumanu, retains their signature.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BANTING'S WAY.

An Ancient and Unsatisfactory Anti-Fat System.

[Written for the Gazette.]

In 1862 and 1863 I was in London, England. Having caught a severe summer cold it caused a slight deafness, which alarmed me so much that I sought the advice of a celebrated aurist, Mr. William Harvey of Soho square.

My visiting days were similar to those of an elderly gentleman with whom I fell into conversation, and being afterward introduced by Mr. Harvey we became well acquainted. The affable old gentleman who helped to beguile the tedious hours of waiting in a medical man's ante-room was, I afterward learned, nearly 60 years of age.

He was very slightly deaf, not tall, and appeared to me to be one of enormous bulk. In reality he was 5 feet, 5 inches in stature, and weighed 202 pounds, a large portion of which he carried from the chest downward [illegible] half a gross of flesh. I am thus particular in describing him because I never met any one who was personally acquainted with him, and because he was at that very time engaged in writing a pamphlet which was destined to render him famous. He was a London merchant, by name William Banting, author of the renowned "Letter on Corpulence."

This little work appeared in England in 1863, and immediately attained such popularity that it was translated into almost all living languages, and gained for its writer the distinction of having his name bestowed upon his and any treatment for the reduction of adipose tissue.

Not that Banting was the discoverer of the dietetic system for the release from one of the oldest plagues of the human race. The physicians of antiquity gave almost similar instructions as Banting did for the putting-off of superfluous fat. Hippocrates, "the father of medicine" (born 460 B. C.), recommended exercise in the open air while fasting, and no hot baths.

Down to modern times no reduction treatment had been of any special value. It remained for Banting to give some new-old information in such a condensed, straightforward form as to place the "cure" for obesity within the reach of every one afflicted with the malady, for that is what it becomes if left unchecked.

Among those old enough to remember the "Banting sensation" it is generally believed that the author died shortly after, and in consequence of his own treatment. Such is not the case. He was already an old man when he began it, born in 1797 and died in 1871, having lived to the age of 75, and for nine years after he began his celebrated treatment.

His "Letter on Corpulence" is still considered an authority upon this subject, but is difficult to obtain, being almost out of print in this country. Therefore, I quote the most interesting and salient portions of it. By way of beginning, he says:

"I am confident no man laboring under obesity can be quite insensible to the sneers and remarks of the cruel and injudicious in public assemblies, public vehicles or the ordinary street traffic; nor to the annoyance of finding no adequate space in a public assembly if he should seek amusement or need refreshment, and therefore he naturally keeps away as much as possible from places where he is likely to be made the object of the taunts and remarks of others. I am as regardless of public remark as most men, but I have felt these difficulties, and therefore avoided such circumscribed accommodation and notice, and by that means have been deprived of many advantages to health and comfort.

"Although no very great size or weight, still I could not stoop to tie my shoe, so to speak, nor attend to the little offices humanity requires, without considerable pain and difficulty, which only the corpulent can understand; I have been compelled to go down stairs slowly backward, to save the jar of increased weight upon the ankle and knee joint and being obliged to puff and blow with every slight exertion, particularly that of going up stairs."

The reason why Banting could not stoop was that, as I have said, his fat centered in the abdomen. About Turkish baths now much resorted to by the corpulent he says:

"At this juncture (about three years back) Turkish baths became the fashion, and I was advised to adopt them as a remedy. With the first few I found immense benefit in power and elasticity for walking exercise; so, believing I had found the 'philosopher's stone,' pursued them three times a week till I had taken fifty, then less frequently (as I began to fancy, with some reason, that so many weakened my constitution), till I had taken ninety, but never succeeded in losing more than six pounds weight during the whole course, and I gave up the plan as worthless, though I have full belief in their cleansing properties and their value in colds, rheumatism, and many other ailments."

When I first took a course of Turkish baths in the delusive hope that they would get back my rapidly accumulating flesh I asked the bath attendant if they contributed more to the increase or to the reduction of fat.

"Yes, mum," she replied. "But which?" I persisted. "Do they make you thin or fat?"

"They has mum, both. They makes fat folks thin and thin folks fat."

After many experiments by which Banting added to, rather than lessened his bulk, he found relief in a dietary system furnished by Mr. Harvey. Strange that an aurist should effect a cure where so many physicians had failed. After describing several of his failures, Banting says:

"At last I found the right man, who unhesitatingly said he believed my ailments were caused principally by corpulence, and prescribed a certain diet no medicine beyond a morning cordial as a corrective with immense effect and advantage both to my hearing and the decrease of my corpulency."

"My own personal experiments in the reduction of my weight extend over a period of twelve years. Accompanying every so-called obesity cure there was a "corrective," a mysterious draught, cordial, medicine, pill, powder or tea, the component parts of which are kept [illegible]

[illegible] Banting was an acidulated purgative draught, and that is the aim of them all though the patient supposes the medicine to be a part of the reduction process.

Banting goes on to say: "The items from which I was advised to abstain as much as possible were bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer and potatoes, which had been the main (and, I thought, innocent) elements of my existence, or at all events, they had for many years been adopted freely. These, said my excellent adviser, contain starch and saccharine matter, tending to create fat, and should be avoided altogether. For breakfast, I take four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, bacon or cold meat of any kind except pork, a large cup of tea (without milk or sugar) a little biscuit or one ounce of dry toast. For dinner, five or six ounces of any fish except salmon, any meat except pork, any vegetable except potato, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of poultry or game, and two or three glasses of good claret, sherry or madeira; champagne, port and beer forbidden. For tea, two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar. For supper, three or four ounces of [illegible], similar to dinner, with a glass or two of claret. For nightcap, if required, a tumbler of grog (gin, whisky or brandy, without sugar) or a glass or two of claret or sherry.

"This plan leads to an excellent night's rest, with from six to eight hours' sound sleep. The dry toast or rusk may have a tablespoonful of spirit to soften it, which will prove acceptable. Perhaps I did not wholly escape starchy or saccharine matter, but scrupulously avoided milk, sugar, beer, butter, etc., which are known to contain them.

"On rising in the morning I take a tablespoonful of a special corrective cordial, which may be called the Balm of Life, in a wineglass of water, a most grateful draught, as it seems to carry away all the dregs left in the stomach after digestion; then I take about 5 or 6 ounces solid and 8 liquid for breakfast; 8 ounces of solid and 8 of liquid for dinner; 3 ounces of solid and 8 of liquid for tea; 4 ounces of solid and 6 of liquid for supper, and the grog afterward, if I please. I am not, however, strictly limited to any quantity at either meal, so that the nature of the food is rigidly adhered to.

"My former dietary table was bread and milk for breakfast, or a pint of tea with plenty of milk and sugar, and buttered toast, meat, beer, much bread (of which I was very fond) and pastry for dinner; the meal of tea similar to that of breakfast, and generally a fruit tart or bread and milk for supper. I had little comfort and far less sleep."

By following Harvey's system in one year Banting lost 46 pounds and reduced his waist 12¼ inches. His health [illegible] so greatly improved that he had lost even the feeling of "occasional faintness" which annoyed him after he had fully entered upon the cure.

That "occasional faintness" [illegible] How well in after years I came to know it, when I fell a victim to that disposition to corpulence which I inherited from both parents. It was natural that I should first turn to Banting's book to guide me back into the lost path of slimness. Carefully I followed his dietary card for two weeks, keeping constantly out doors and on foot.

I lost fourteen pounds in weight in that time, but was then obliged to take to my bed and call in a doctor. I was suffering from weakness and derangement of the digestive organs. Moreover, I had a strange, pimply eruption over the body, caused, the doctor said, by impoverishment of blood, owing to lack of nutritious food.

Banting eventually says: "I do not recommend every corpulent man to rush headlong into such a change of diet certainly not—but to act advisedly and after full consultation with a physician."

I "rushed headlong" into the change of diet without consulting a physician and suffered accordingly. At the same time I knew the Banting [illegible] is lasting unless the diet is continued. My fourteen pounds which I had [illegible] me so painfully fairly galloped [illegible] the first square meal I [illegible]

By the Banting [illegible]

W. F. McKEEHAN

WILL SELL YOU *20 lbs best granulated sugar for $1.00,* with a bill of goods amounting to $1.00.

Creamery butter, 5 pound tubs, per pound	$ 25
Creamery butter, per pound	30
Dairy butter, per pound	25
Fresh eggs, per dozen	20
3 pounds best Mocha and Java coffee	1 00
Teas of all kinds	[illegible]
London layer raisins, per pound	12½
[illegible] evaporated apples	1 00
Silver prunes, per pound	20
Evaporated peaches, peeled, per pound	30
Evaporated peaches, unpeeled, per pound	20
[illegible] per pound	[illegible]
Plums, pitted, per pound	15
Dried grapes, per pound	[illegible]
Evaporated raspberries, per pound	[illegible]
New dates, per pound	10
New nuts, per pound	20
Dried peas, per pound	5
[illegible] per pound	[illegible]
[illegible] per pound	[illegible]
Cheese, good, per pound	15
Cheese, best, per pound	20

Salt, 5 pound sacks	[illegible]
1 pound Orion baking powder	30
1 pound Orion baking powder, bulk	15
California jams, per can	20
California jellies, per can	20
California table apricots, per can	20
California table peaches, per can	20
California table pears, per can	20
California table raspberries, per can	20
California table strawberries, per can	20
California table blackberries, per can	20
California table cherries, per can	20
California table grapes, per can	20
California table currants, per can	20
California table egg plums, per can	20
California table green gages, per can	20
Gallon apples, per can	30
Gallon apricots, per can	40
Gallon cans, honey drip syrup, per can	60
3 pound cans tomatoes, per can	12½
2 pound cans sugar corn, per can	12½
Picnic hams, per pound	10

Goods delivered free in this city; also to Colorado City and Roswell. Telephone 130. Terms cash.

W. F. McKEEHAN,
118 South Tejon St.

Be as Nature Made You.

Turn up your sleeve or turn down the neck of your dress. See how white and clear the skin is. Nature made the skin as white and clear on your face as that on your arm or neck. Neglect, exposure, alkaline water and perhaps ill-health, have caused the skin on your face to become rough and discolored, and otherwise blemished. If you would have as clear and pure and white a skin on your face as on the other parts of your person, first use Mrs. Graham's FACE BLEACH until you have removed all blemishes and discolorations from the skin; then after that is done, use her CUCUMBER AND ELDER FLOWER CREAM to protect it from wind and sun, and to cleanse it and keep the pores in active and healthy condition, and you may always have a skin and complexion as pure and clear and white as you had in baby days. You will then be (as regards complexion) "as nature made you." Face Bleach is $1.50 per bottle. C. & E. F. Cream $1.00 per bottle. For sale by all druggists. MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, "Beauty Doctor," 103 Post street, San Francisco, treats ladies for every blemish or defect of face or figure. Send stamp for her little book "How to be Beautiful."

For Sale in Colorado Springs by F. E. Robinson and Van Patten Bros., Druggists, and Miss K. Moody, Hair Dresser.

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THE SEA.

A misty [illegible]—thence fills the eastern sky
[illegible] once more
[illegible] with ceaseless rise and fall
[illegible] sullen swell.
[illegible] the wave of the earth's [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the fall of that sweet soul who died
In [illegible] of yester year.

[illegible] shrilly in the hollow cave,
The [illegible] gull shrieks hard by,
The [illegible] breakers ever burst and lave
[illegible]

And [illegible] unto wild Nature's harmony
One [illegible] voice fills mine [illegible]
[illegible] of one that I shall never see
Through all the coming years.
—W. Deverisx in Chambers' Journal.

THE DEMON HAND.

By Dan De Quille.

[Copyrighted, 1891, by the Author.]

I

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

About three years ago I was on a sketching tour in the Swiss Alps. At the town of Thun, which is about a mile from the lake of the same name, I made the acquaintance of Silvio Baroli, an Italian about my own age and likewise an artist engaged in sketching the scenery of the country. Thun being a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, and swarming besides in summer with tourists, because of its being the principal starting place for travelers in the Oberland, my Italian friend proposed that we seek more quiet quarters somewhere near the lake.

In a day or two we found what we were in search of in a lone and quiet chatelet on the southwestern shore of the lake. We had every accommodation and convenience we required in our new home, and from it in a short walk could reach the picturesque region lying about the Stockhorn and Niesen mountains. Also in less than an hour one of the little steamers plying on the lake would carry us to any point we wished to visit.

During our jaunts it occasionally happened that I had finished my task of transferring to canvas the bit of landscape to which I had taken a fancy while Silvio was still at work upon the view he had selected. At such times I would wait until he had completed his picture, standing behind him and chatting. The first time I did so I saw to my surprise that he was working with his left hand. I remarked that he was the first left handed artist I had ever seen at work.

Silvio merely said that he found that his left hand better obeyed his will and more accurately put upon the canvas his thought than did his right.

On a subsequent occasion I observed to my astonishment that while his left hand was delicately formed as the hand of a woman, with tapering and shapely fingers, his right hand was a huge and clumsy paw, with knotty and crooked fingers, armed with nails thick and pointed like the claws of a beast of prey. Further, I saw that the back of the right hand and wrist were covered with a thick growth of red hair. A coarser looking hand I had never seen.

At the moment Silvio's whole soul was in his work, but turning presently he evidently noted the direction of my gaze, and perhaps my look of astonishment, for he at once placed the unsightly hand in his bosom. I remembered then that it was his constant habit to so carry his right hand.

Turning my eyes again upon Silvio's white and shapely left hand, as the slender fingers deftly manipulated a brush, I did not wonder he believed that hand best capable of transferring to canvas his artistic inspirations.

In the old world one encounters deformity of every kind imaginable in the human species—has it thrust into view, indeed, in every town, but this coarse hand upon a young man so trimly built and handsomely molded in every other respect, I thought one of the most singular malformations I had yet seen. I finally arrived at the conclusion that the big, hairy hand must be a strange kind of birth-mark. This might account for the hair upon it being red, while Silvio had a fine head of dark brown and a mustache of the same color.

Finding Silvio Baroli so sensitive in regard to his deformity I refrained from any remark that would wound him, and thereafter, when waiting for him to put the finishing touches to a piece of work, always seated myself on his left at some distance. I observed that when out walking or loitering about our inn he always carried his right hand hidden in his bosom or deeply buried in the side pocket of his coat.

Silvio and I strolled together almost daily among the mountains or along the Aar or Simmen rivers and became firm friends, holding as we did much the same notions in regard to art, and particularly landscape work. One day when we had seated ourselves in a shady nook overlooking a beautiful little valley lying in a curve of the Aar, Silvio suddenly turned to me and said:

"I have observed for a long time that you have wondered greatly at the difference in the appearance of my right and left hands, and that apparently you have arrived at the conclusion that my coarse right hand is a natural deformity. I judge this to be your thought because in the goodness of your heart you have refrained from speaking of it, yes, even from curiously looking at it. That hand is, indeed, a sore subject for me. It is the plague and horror of my life.

"Although to speak of that hateful hand, to see it stared at by strangers, or even to gaze upon it myself, always gives me pain, yet now that we have come to know each other well and to be good friends I propose to explain that which has long puzzled you.

"That coarse right hand with its crooked and knotted fingers is not really my own, though you see it attached to my body. Although in many things it serves me as a hand and to that extent is useful, yet there is no good understanding between me and that hand. It was thrust upon me without my knowledge, aye, without my knowledge or consent was thrust upon me. I hate, loathe and mistrust it, and it in some way seems to have become aware of the fact. Ah, it is a cunning, murderous and treacherous hand!

"You look astounded, as well you may when I tell you this is not my hand, and you probably think me unbalanced mentally when hearing me speak of it as I have done, yet all I have told you is the simple and exact truth. It is not my hand. It is the hand of a brigand, the hand of Ugo Carcano, the bandit and fifty times murderer! It is the hand of a man now in his grave—a man that I killed, and with this very hateful, coarse, brutal hand—his own hand!

"Look at that demon claw, and now look at this, my own natural hand—a hand I was born with. You see at once that between me and such a hand there can be no such thing as sympathy or right understanding—nothing in common. Besides all this, it is a hand at least ten years older than I am—in flesh that was in the world ten years before I was born!"

After this outburst of feeling Silvio was silent for some moments. He then turned to me and in a calmer tone said: "I have told you that this is the hand of a robber and murderer, and I will now tell you how I came to possess it."

II

THE STORY OF THE MAN WITH THE DEMON HAND.

"Five years ago I was happy—a young lieutenant in the Italian army. I was attached to a troop of bersaglieri (sharpshooters) and carbineers. The duty for which my troop was detailed was that of hunting down and exterminating the several bands of brigands that infested the country bordering upon the Appennines. In this service we ranged the mountains from the Col di Tenda in the Maritime Alps, to the pass of Borgo San Sepolcro, near Arezzo, moving at times through the valley of the Pescara, which flows between the two Abruzzi. In the pursuit of brigands I have seen most of the thirteen provinces of the Apennines—Arezzo, Cosa, Troja, Potenza, Aquila and several others. For over two years I was constantly in the mountains.

"We had frequent encounters with the brigand bands and succeeded in the extermination of some of them. We generally made short work of all we caught. We shot them down like wild beasts wherever we came upon them in the mountain fastnesses. If we took a prisoner it was only to extort from him information that we required. His life was in our hands; if he ransomed it it was by doing us some very great service.

"The most dreaded, daring and powerful of the brigand gangs was that headed by Ugo Carcano. He led us many wild chases. He was a chief of wonderful cunning and infinite resources. In the business of brigandage he was a match. Not only had he a strong party of followers in the field, but he also had a host of confederates among the shepherds of the mountains, among the charcoal burners of the lower ranges of hills and among the peasants of the many small valleys. There were in Ugo Carcano's band outlawed men from all the classes—men who had friends and relatives among the peasants, the charcoal burners and the mountain herdsmen. These accomplices, apparently wholly engaged in honest pursuits, could always be depended upon by Carcano as spies, and, spread abroad, as they were through all the land, they served as scouts to send him early information of approaching danger. While the people in the valleys and lower hills were merely secret confederates and confidants, who took no arms in their hands, many of those in the mountains served Carcano as auxiliaries in his engagements with the detachments of troops sent against him. Thus, while apparently engaged in hunting down a robber band, we were really employed in a campaign in a hostile country.

THE ROBBER FELL—SHOT THROUGH THE BREAST.

"Carcano having all the aids it not unfrequently happened that while we were searching for him on one side of the Apennines he was engaged in plundering raids on the opposite side of the range. We could not turn our guns on people who were ostensibly shepherds, charcoal burners and small farmers, but we could bring to bear upon them that which was more powerful than bullets, swords, or bayonets—all conquering gold. It was not until we had bought over and made sure of a number of secret spies of our own on both sides of the mountains that we began to make headway against Carcano.

"At last, through having reliable information, we were able to press forward upon his trail without being misled and thrown out by pseudo Carcanos leading bands of herders, who soon scattered and resumed their several occupations. We pursued the bandit chief into the wildest fastnesses of the mountains and had several skirmishes with his gang, killing and wounding many of them. Finally Carcano had but few followers left, many deserting his standard when his good fortune failed him, and in a last battle with his gang he was captured and brought into our camp a prisoner.

"In the fight I had my right arm shattered below the elbow by a musket ball. The arm was so badly injured that our surgeon at once saw that it would be impossible to save it. This surgeon was a highly educated, gifted and skillful young German named Carl Voltz, who had entered the Italian army and taken service with our troop, ranking as a lieutenant. Carl Voltz had performed many difficult surgical operations for one of his years. He had succeeded in things his elders in the profession had pronounced impossible and which they looked upon as being unjustifiably daring—as operations that should not have been ventured upon. There being at the time no war in progress in Europe and being an enthusiast in his profession, Carl had come to Italy and joined our detachment in the Apennines, hoping to find opportunities for the exercise of his skill.

"Carl Voltz was about my own age and we were soon on terms of the most intimate friendship. Though Carl had not dared to propose opening men's skulls, taking out injured or unsound brain matter and substituting the brain of some animal, as some surgeons now assert may be safely and advantageously done, he had done some wonderful things in the way of splicing and in grafting bones. He maintained that with due care a finger, hand or even a whole limb might be successfully engrafted. In the case of the transfer of a finger he had succeeded, and his great ambition was to next operate on a whole arm.

"When I was wounded and Carl saw that I must lose my arm he was deeply grieved, for at that time we were as two brothers. He however did not tell me that I must lose my right arm. His brain was already busy with a plan for making a grand experiment, and in furtherance of his design he told me he hoped to save my arm by bringing together, uniting and building upon the several pieces of shattered bone. He said it would be a tedious operation, but he would keep me so well under the influence of anaesthetics that I would suffer no pain. He had under him a skillful assistant, and he said that, working together, they would make every possible effort to give me a good and useful arm.

"This was all I knew in regard to Carl's intentions, or to the condition of my wounded arm for over two months, except that from time to time I was told it was doing well. Carl appeared to be wonderfully elated that he was succeeding so well in my case, but he always so managed as to prevent my seeing my arm.

"When at last the bandages were removed, and I was permitted to see my arm, I was astounded. I knew not what to think of the transformation I had undergone. I saw there what I now hold out before you. I turned to Carl Voltz and expressed my astonishment at the strange appearance of my hand and wrist.

"'What!' cried he, 'you do not like its appearance? Why, it is my masterpiece. It is a triumph of surgical science. It is a great surprise I have for many weeks kept in store for you.'

"Then exultantly he told me how he had managed in order to give me a good sound arm and hand. He said my arm had been amputated, but he had given me a good serviceable one in its stead. It was the crowning triumph of his life I had now as my own, he said, "the strong right hand of Ugo Carcano." He had made the bandit chief give up his right hand for my benefit.

"Carl then proceeded to tell me that he had promised Carcano his life and liberty on condition that he submitted to have his right arm taken off, and that he would swear upon the cross to reform and lead an honest life. As the fellow was as good as dead—would otherwise be shot without ceremony or delay—he accepted life and liberty on the terms proposed.

"Next, Carl gave me a full account of the operation of transplanting the hand and wrist of the bandit to my arm, of every nice bit of work done by himself and assistant. He said they had brought us together in a room the temperature of which was kept at blood heat, when the bones of my arm and those of the bandit's arm had been sawed off at precisely the same angle. Then how the veins and arteries were at once telescoped and side-spliced, and the tendons united with threads of sinew taken from my amputated arm, and how, all this being done and the bones wired in place, the arm was placed in a sort of case and covered with a peculiar kind of antiseptic jelly of his own invention. This jelly he claimed to be far superior to a covering of plaster of paris, it being tough and elastic, and being slit through when congealed, it permitted of being opened for the examination of the limb from time to time. Sections of veins and arteries taken from my dismembered arm were utilized as sleeves in uniting the larger blood vessels of the two arms, and the whole operation was performed so speedily that the bandit's hand and wrist were still of the same temperature as when severed from his arm when joined to mine.

"As I looked at this hand that had thus been engrafted upon me I felt that I would have much preferred a stump to being provided with a member that was to me so disgusting. However Carl Voltz was so delighted with the success of his experiment that I as much as possible concealed from him my real feelings.

"Carl however read something of my disgust in my face and let me know that he thought me very ungrateful and foolishly vain. His skill had given me a good and useful hand and I not only did not appreciate what he had done for me but was actually ashamed of that which he considered his greatest achievement in his profession.

"To mollify Carl's displeasure I did many things which he suggested in order to show that I had full use of the hand and every finger of it. He was in ecstasies and immediately proceeded to write out a complete description of every part of the operation for some Berlin medical journal. He afterwards told me his report of the case was discredited in Germany and begged me to go with him to Berlin and exhibit my spliced arm in proof of the truthfulness of the account he had published.

"I was by this time so ashamed of my hand and so also hated it that I would have preferred blowing out my brains to putting it and myself on exhibition. Carl never forgave my refusal to comply with his request. It appeared to him that through a mere whim of false pride I had deliberately robbed him of fame and fortune. He very plainly told me that I was ungrateful, and I retorted that without my knowledge or consent he had fastened upon me for life a thing that was most hateful—a hand that had shed the life blood of many human beings—a hand that I detested.

"A decided coolness now replaced our old friendship, and Carl soon left Italy, returning to his native country for the purpose of devoting his life to a course of study and experiment he had marked out. Though we parted with some show of our old friendship, I could plainly perceive that Carl thought I lacked heart and was capable of no more than a sort of superficial show of friendship. Even as he was taking his departure and after our last farewells had been spoken I detected him looking wistfully at the hand he had given me. Evidently he keenly regretted being obliged to leave that behind.

"Six months after Carl left Italy the detachment to which I belonged was ordered to Savona pass, a considerable distance from the Pass of Aquila, where we had made our headquarters for nearly a year. A very daring band of brigands had been organized and all manner of outrages were being committed in the neighborhood of Savona pass. Upon our arrival in the troubled region we soon found traces of the brigands, and followed them deep into the mountains. Through our peasant spies we discovered their stronghold and surrounded and attacked it, taking the robbers completely by surprise.

"In the fight I was brought face to face with the bandit chief as he was trying to rally his panic stricken followers. At a glance I saw the chief had but one arm, and almost at the same moment I recognized the savage features of Ugo Carcano. He held a pistol in his left hand, and as I advanced upon him he fired, sending a bullet through my cap. I instantly returned the fire and the robber fell shot through the breast. As I ran up to the fallen chief with leveled pistol he raised himself upon one elbow and cried: 'Enough! You have given me my death wound, Silvio Baroli, you have killed me—have shot me with my own hand—with the hand I gave you! Curse the day on which I consented to give you that hand! With my last breath I curse you. I die, but my hand will live, and my hand—the hand that has slain me—shall be death of you!' Still muttering something about his soul remaining on earth and living in his still living hand, Ugo Carcano, with a great gush of blood from his mouth, fell back and died.

"I had before hated the hand which Carl Voltz, in his enthusiasm for the science of surgery, had made a part of me. Now I began to feel a dread of it—a horror of having engrafted upon me for life a part of the dead robber and murderer. He seemed to live in that hand and to be ever striving to gain possession of my whole body. I began to fear that his fiendish spirit, having effected a lodgment, would dispossess my soul and take up its abode in my earthly tenement.

"The brigand chief's dying curse seemed to be working—to be taking effect upon me. At night, in my dreams, Ugo Carcano was ever present. Standing at my bedside he held up the stump of his arm and demanded either the restoration of his hand or a dwelling place in my body. These night terrors soon began to tell upon my health, and by advice of a physician I left the army and the country that kept the image of the dead bandit almost constantly before my eyes.

"I had always been a lover of art and having some skill in landscape painting my thoughts very naturally turned to these mountains. I hastened hither and resumed my long neglected pursuit of painting. I at once discovered that I could do nothing with my right hand. The clumsy, uncouth fingers would not obey my will. With the least relaxation of the vigilant surveillance I was obliged to maintain over them the brushes would drop from my hand. There was no feeling for them in those ill made fingers. Between that hand and my mind there was no sympathy—I was not sorry to find that this was so. Had it been otherwise would the picture painted have been really my own? Would it not have been work by the hand of Ugo Carcano? I wanted no community of possession with that hand. To my delight I found upon trial that my left hand readily obeyed every impulse of my mind. Into it seemed to have been translated all the old skill of my lost right hand.

"Since I have been in these mountains engaged in my old loved pursuit of studying and painting the beauties of nature I have regained my health and to a great extent my former peace of mind. It is now only of nights that my old troubles come to annoy me and that but occasionally except at the dark of the moon. Those monthly attacks I cannot escape. Then I must be on my guard against my demon hand.

"You look surprised when I say I must be on my guard against the hand and may think that constant brooding upon my misfortune has unsettled my mind, but my friend that hand really is dangerous—nothing can be more cunning and treacherous. I long ago discovered it to be unsafe for me to leave a pistol, poniard or weapon of any kind on a table or chair within reach of my bed. If I do so I experience in my sleep an awful feeling of impending danger—a nightmare of the most agonizing description. The brigand chief stands over me exulting like a demon. 'Ha ha! at last I have you!' he seems to shout. 'Yes, now you shall die—die by my hand—the hand you robbed me of.' With these and similar threats Ugo Carcano stands at my bedside as he appeared in life when in battle, except that his eyes are as coals of fire and his features are lighted up with lambent flames. I am frozen with terror and unable to move or in any way rid myself of the threatening and fearful figure. I feel that I am in great danger and I struggle unceasingly to arise and to take myself to flight. When at last I awaken I find that the hand—the still living flesh and blood of the dead brigand—has reached forth and obtained possession of pistol or poniard and is holding the weapon at my breast or forehead.

"No matter how dangerous the inn or other place in which I am lodging may appear I no longer dare leave a weapon near my bed. Indeed I have found that it is not safe to have a weapon anywhere in my sleeping room. I can only venture to have weapons about me in my waking moments and when I am out traveling mountain roads even then I often feel a horrid and startling thrill in that brigand hand when it clutches a pistol. At times those knotty and crooked fingers seem in murderous mood to stiffen upon the weapon and it is with difficulty that I can make them obey my will and relax their hold.

"Now, my friend, from what I have told you of my sensations, waking and sleeping, you will readily perceive that this hand of a dead man fastened upon me makes life a burden. It permits me no moment of perfect rest and ease nor will it ever do so while I carry it. Soon I shall rid myself of it. I shall sever the bond which now unites me to one in the grave. When I leave these mountains I shall go directly to Paris. There, selecting some skillful surgeon, I shall engage him to rid me of this hand of a murderer—the demon gift which Carl Voltz was at such pains to bestow upon me. Not a single shred or fiber of the hated flesh of Ugo Carcano will I permit to remain with me. Then, when I am myself alone in every drop of blood and granule of flesh, then I shall have peace of mind—and not before. This I feel and know. I must rid myself of my parasitical demon. Ah my friend, I dread these dark periods in each month! Those I cannot escape. Then it is that the apparition of the brigand appears at my bedside and then it is that his lost and vengeful spirit well nigh drives my soul from its own proper tenement. A dark spell is coming soon. I shall endure that one more, then fly at once to Paris and a new life."

III

THE HORRIBLE FATE OF SILVIO BAROLI AS TOLD BY THE ARTIST.

In a day or two after this strange story was confided to me by Silvio Baroli I left Lake Thun for the headwaters of the Aar in the Bernese Oberland. I tried in vain to induce Silvio to accompany me. I was anxious to take him with me for I saw the shadow of his coming "dark period" in the gloom of his face. He would not stir from the chatelet. Then I understood that he had resolved to there make his stand and meet the assault of the ghostly owner of his demon of a hand. Alone in the old chatelet he would fight this last battle.

I ascended along the course of the Aar to where it rises in the fountains and snows of the Grimsel and Shreckhorn (peak of terror). The Shreckhorn stands between the Finstaarhorn and the Wetterhorn and being confronted by so many grand peaks and so many stretches of scenery both beautiful and grand I was for a time almost overwhelmed. However I settled down near the Grimsel, at the south end of Hasli valley, where I remained sketching for over a fortnight.

At the end of the time mentioned I descended to the town of Thun, and going down to the lake at once took a boat for the chatelet at which I had left Silvio. I was anxious to see him immediately, as I had decided to accompany him to Paris, thinking I could go to no better place with my collection of sketches.

Arriving at the chatelet I inquired for my friend.

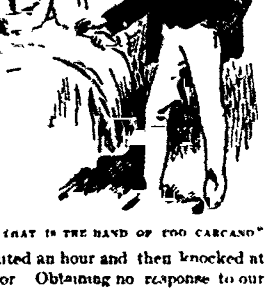
"You will never again see Silvio Baroli," said the proprietor. "Why, have you not heard of his sudden and strange death?"

"His death!" cried I, greatly shocked. "My God! Silvio dead! My only fear was that he might have left for Paris."

"Ah! but instead he has gone to that great, golden city from whose joys no one ever returns."

"Tell me how did it happen? Where did he die?" cried I. Yet, even as I asked, I felt sure that in his dreaded "dark period" he had fallen a victim to his haunting demon—the dead owner of that living hand!

"Where did he die? Mon Dieu! here in his room. It was a terrible thing. Since you have not heard it," said the landlord, "I will tell you the story of the shocking death of your friend. Five days ago—let me consider—four days after your departure your friend, Baroli, failed to arise at his usual early hour. Thinking he might still be sleeping as for a day or two he had looked worn and weary we waited an hour and then knocked at his door. Obtaining no response to our calls and repeated knockings, we became alarmed and forced open the door of his chamber.



"WHY, THAT IS THE HAND OF UGO CARCANO."

"A strange and horrible sight met our eyes. On the bed lay Baroli, his right hand grasping his throat. He was dead and cold. His discolored face, distorted features and widely staring eyes were frightful to look upon.

"A constable who was called in said: 'He has strangled himself. To have done so he must have possessed a will almost superhuman.'

"The officer took hold of Baroli's hand to remove it. He made the effort and then, turning to us, said with a shudder: 'My God, the hand still holds to the throat with a grip like a vise!'

"It was even so. The arm and fingers had stiffened in the death grasp. Even after it had been forced away the hand still returned to the throat, until in laying out the body it was bound down to the breast.

"And sir, a wonderful thing! That right hand was not at all like the left one. The left hand was that of a gentleman, but the right was the coarse hairy hand of a peasant—a hand the fingers of which were knotted and twisted from toil. There was a long scar running diagonally round the arm. The officer said it looked as though the hand had in some way been spliced upon the arm—a thing impossible. It was only a singular kind of deformity, sir."

As the landlord thus speculated I sadly mused upon the fate of my friend. "Poor Silvio!" thought I, "the dying curse of the bandit has taken effect. That demon hand grasped his throat as he slept and the gnarled and sinewy fingers did not even relax their hold when life was extinct. The hand of the bandit has executed the threat its dying owner had made."

Counting back I found it was in the dark of the moon—poor Silvio's time of dread—that the vengeful and ever watchful hand had rose up, throttled my friend in his sleep and destroyed him.

"They tell a silly tale of a ghost," said the host, breaking in upon my reflections, "some [illegible] ghost seen when your friend lay a corpse the night before the funeral."

"Who tells such a story?" I asked.

"The watchers—those who watched by the body."

"And what is their story?"

"Oh, a very silly one indeed. They sat in a room adjoining that in which the body lay. About midnight two of these watchers went into the room where lay the dead. They went to see if the candles by the corpse were still burning and all safe. As they stepped into the room they were astonished at seeing a tall, wild looking stranger standing beside the coffin. They say he was a one armed man and had a red handkerchief bound round his head. They were about to demand of the intruder why he was there alone with the dead when he took a step or two toward them and vanished. The two men had not been greatly disturbed at seeing the stranger standing beside the coffin, but when he disappeared while in the act of coming toward them they were terrified beyond measure. With faces white as chalk they dashed back into the room where their fellow watchers were sitting and as soon as they could speak told what they had seen.

"All presently mustered courage to go into the room where the body lay. To their horror they found the great hairy right hand loose and again at the throat of the corpse. One of their number had the courage to lay hold of the hand and try to pull it away. At the instant he did so there rang through the room a wild fiendish 'Ha ha ha!'

"All rushed forth and, shutting themselves up in the adjoining room, did not again venture into the chamber of the dead."

"And was the hand found loose in the morning?"

"Yes, it is undeniable that the hand was found loose and at the throat of the dead man, but then for all that, the watchers were a silly, cowardly set. When they told their story to the priest he laughed at them."

TO MAKE COTTON RESEMBLE SILK.

Improvements in the Cotton Gin That Will Increase the Value of Cotton.

A revolution in cotton ginning is about to begin, one that Ely Whitney would have rejoiced to see.

Mr. Brosius fairly won his title as the Atlanta Edison when he invented the sewing machine motor which promises to lift so much labor from the toiling women [illegible] "Song of the Shirt" would never have been written if this automatic affair had then existed.

But to the point. Mr. Brosius has invented a ginning process which will not break the fiber of cotton. It turns out an unbroken, silky staple from upland stains which is almost as beautiful as sea island cotton. For years it has been the lament of eastern spinners that the fiber was so broken. One of the most thoughtful of them not long ago remarked that considering its immense cost and priceless value in the textile arts cotton was the most roughly handled of all the raw products of the earth. Pig iron is almost as tenderly treated.

Mr. Brosius saw the need and went to work. Since then he has matured a treatment for the unginned cotton which will cause it to come off the seed whole without a break in the fiber. Not only this. The process—which, by the way, is physical, not chemical—leaves the fiber in such soft, glossy condition that it begins to rival silk. What if it should transpire that cotton treated as it should be, is really a finer staple than silk? The results of a few hasty experiments point in this direction.

The beauty of Mr. Brosius' invention is that it does not necessarily do away with the gins in use. It simply makes their work easy and perfect. Fifty dollars added to a good ordinary gin will equip it for this work.

Another point is that the seed is stripped stark naked. This saves a large item in the cost of getting out the oil.

As usual Mr. Brosius is enthusiastic and sanguine of large results, which he also usually gets.

"I have showed it to practical men," said he, "experts in handling the staple, and they tell me it will work a revolution. Mr. S. M. Inman says the staple like this is worth from one to two cents a pound more than cotton treated in the ordinary way. This staple before you is from mildewed cotton. That is what I showed Mr. Inman. I wonder what he would think if he saw middling ginned by this process.

"Think of the results. Why, at a cent a pound the improvement is worth $10,000,000 to the south! I have already been offered $10,000 for an interest in the process, but I refused it. I want the south to get the benefit of this invention."—Atlanta Constitution.

Moltke's Favorite Authors.

One of the last letters of Marshal von Moltke was a reply to a circular letter of M. Ernest Smith's containing the following question, "What books have exercised the greatest influence upon your mind?" The Marshal replied:

I take pleasure in satisfying the desire which you have expressed, and I send you a list of the works which I think have had the greatest influence upon me. Upon this subject I wish to tell you that I read the "Iliad" when I was only nine years old, of course a translation.
Yours, etc., MOLTKE, Field Marshal.

The letter was written in German in the handwriting of the count, and the list in French as follows:

La Bible, Homere, Iliade, Littrow, Les Merveilles du Ciel, Liebig, Lettres sur la Chimie Agricol, Clausewitz, Sur la Guerre, Schiller, Goethe, Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Ranke, Carlyle.

Putting Away Clothes.

All garments not packed away should be taken down and aired often. Such garments as are used to be worn occasionally should be hung in cotton bags. The bags can be made of calico or muslin—bleached or brown—and should be long enough to cover the garment. Gentlemen's clothes suffer most and there should be several bags for trousers and coats in each gentleman's closet. Tar paper is said to be the best thing to keep moths out, and it is well to have one closet lined with it from top to bottom. For such winter garments as can be packed up thoroughly beat, brush, air and press before putting away. Newspapers are good substitutes for tar paper, and clothing and blankets put up clean and close in newspapers will keep all safe.—Chicago News.

College Class Canes.

The cane adopted by the class of '93 Yale college is of weichsel, a fragrant wood from Austria. The natural root is treated with silver deposit in rich chasing. The word Yale appears engraved upon a smooth segment of the decoration close under the knob.

The Princeton class cane of '93 is also of weichsel wood. The design is in [illegible] with etching of solid silver, the knobs and rings deftly exposed in decoration. The metal work and engraved ornamentation with the preparation of the wood represents specimens of the cane makers' art that may not be anywhere surpassed.—Clothier and Furnisher.

GIRLS IN FICTION.

A WELL-KNOWN MODERN NOVELIST'S VIEWS.

The Young Girl of Fifty Years Ago Compared with Those of To-day—An Immense Variety of Types—The Governess, the Childish Girl, and the Strong Minded.

LONDON, May 19.—"How's a metamorphose" is the first idea of an elderly novel reader, looking back to the romances which charmed her early and maturer youth. How are the mighty fallen? In the favorite novel of the "forties" the young girl was a delicate, not to say diaphanous creature, far removed from the vulgar realities of life, tenderly reared and carefully guarded from contact with the outer world. Constantly under the watchful eye of "papa" and "mamma," and perfectly unconscious of her own charms.

The appearance of the hero either agitated her with almost hysterical shyness or, if she were of the ferociously virtuous order and any enigmatical rumors against his strict propriety of conduct had reached her ears (and by miraculous revelation her understanding), immediately set up a cold and haughty reserve which quickly refrigerated the unhappy sinner, and penetrated through his several waistcoats his inner consciousness.

These girls of an early period had certain peculiarities of habit and custom which are interesting to recall as making the great difference between "then" and "now." The young girl in fiction forty years ago was given to silk stockings and "sandalled" slippers. I do not think that in the whole range of "the Minerva press" a pair of strong, lace up boots or woolen stockings could be found, unless, indeed, the dainty, delicate heroine changed clothes with the buxom daughter of one of her father's faithful retainers, tenants or domestics, as the period might be, in order to escape the tearful machinations of the villain, generally a Sir Somebody Something, for since ever they were created (heraldically) baronets have been most cruelly doomed by writers (of fiction) to work wickedness and do deviltry. There must be some evil influence in their sinister cognizance, "The bloody hand."

It must be confessed that the angelic girls in fiction of this date, who never wavered in their devotion to the most tyrannical father nor ceased to adore the most unbending mother, are somewhat limp inventions. They are so addicted to fainting when it was most essential to descend that ladder of ropes, or step into that boat, or run away from Sir Somebody Something who finds it all the easier to carry his helpless victim across his saddle bow because she is insensible, that at length the desire to throw a jug of cold water over them becomes maddening. Another bad habit of the girls in these works of fiction is the untidy way they did their hair. They never had but one pin in it and that was sure to fall out or be playfully pulled out by the young girl's cherub of nephews, or imp of a pupil (if she were a governess), and then down comes a shower of golden tresses, or a cloud of raven locks "softly dark" as a summer's night. Raven locks were the fashion in fiction forty years ago. The governess heroine afforded intense cumulative interest in those simple days. Heavens! what indignities were heaped upon her devoted head. Squire Bovine Blunderbore, the stern head of the ancient manorial family, bullied her, Dame Vinaigrette, his acidulated wife, prodded her with bodkins (metaphorically). The scornful elder daughter made her a butt, the younger one [illegible] in love and dying of decline, adored her, so did the younger children, who were given to crowning her with flowers in odd corners of the garden, when her hair generally came down again. The neighboring wicked earl persecuted her with his base designs, and the son and heir stood by her loyally, and did more harm than good thereby. When she did not die on somebody's doorstep on a snowy night, she comes off victorious all along the line, converts the squire into a meek saint, receives the last repentant breath of his wife, unmasks the double dealing of the eldest daughter and marries the adoring son and heir.

"Nous avons changé tout cela." The governess heroine of modern fiction arrives in her new home with a fascinating rig out of most becoming garments, including an exquisitely fitting habit, and forthwith takes command of the household. At first she is gently suggestive to the mistress, piquantly argumentative to the master, fascinating to the children and mysteriously stand-off with the son and heir, till she gradually draws all into her net and leads up to some extraordinary denouement. This, however, is only one branch of the subject. In "the Girl" of fiction a gradual change may be traced from the days of Bulwer Lytton, D'Israeli, Dickens and Thackeray to the present. They have developed more and more of decision and character, together with some less admirable qualities; the virtue of self-abnegation has disappeared altogether, being swallowed up by what the young ladies themselves would call individuality. The "ingenue" [illegible] to herself [illegible] to permit "father" to tyrannize or "mother" to worry about rights of personal freedom. It is bad for the old people and annoying to the young. The young girl of modern fiction piques herself on her common sense and disdains to undervalue her own stock in trade, I mean her good points. She even acknowledges that all her points are not good, but believes that on the whole she can strike a tolerable balance. She usually troubles herself a good deal about the problems of life and believes more or less enthusiastically in sundry nostrums for the cure of various evils which abound in society. These she is given to enlarge upon to any listener she can catch.

Of these girls in modern fiction there are an immense variety of types. The High church æsthetic girl, who goes to early service, fasts hard in Lent, spends her substance in church decorations and school treats and worships the long coated energetic ascetic curate—who by the way is often a very fine fellow. They have heart rending differences of opinion on points of faith and doctrine and sometimes come to a tragic end, for even in religious life the all-pervading tendency to independence inclines the female mind to resist even the dictum of that embodiment of power, the Pastor Lover!

The opposite to this type, the free-thinking girl is less numerous perhaps than others, still she exists in a sufficient degree to deserve notice. She is generally troubled with exceeding commonplace relations whose orthodoxy is [illegible] asserted in an aggravating manner enough to make St. Cecilia herself a rationalist; she is generally rather plain but has wonderful eyes and small expressive hands. Her father is a very narrow minded old gentleman of conservative principles who hears [illegible] indistinct and his accomplished daughter makes mince meat of him in argument, though the old gentleman is too [illegible] to know when he is beaten. The free thinking girl sometimes marries a [illegible] lecturer, and her end is rather uncertain. This type is often [illegible] indivisible" with the "strong minded girl" whose pride it is to thrust aside small elegancies and attractions of age and sex and adopt masculine simplicity. Political and social struggles [illegible] where she occasionally speaks [illegible] her favorite amusements and [illegible] Mona Caird her ideal woman.

It is wonderful to look back to the dark ages before strong minded women had developed themselves. I feel [illegible] patriarchal thought I say instructed to think that I had reached [illegible] intelligence at that period [illegible] me to enjoy a little "brochure" of I think Albert Smith's, in which the strong minded woman was first foreshadowed.

It was a slim volume entitled, as well as I can remember, "A Book of Young Ladies." One chapter was headed "The Manly Young Lady." Her wildest feat was getting up at 6 in the morning and walking a couple of miles to drink a glass of new milk at a distant farm house, and this she boasted for a month at least. Could the performances of her successors have been prophetically displayed to her, how dwarfed and insignificant she would have felt.

Then there is the self dissecting girl who is always striving to fathom her own nature, but somehow cannot satisfactorily, chiefly because it is not deep enough for her plumb line, and that very curious product of modern fiction, the self passionate girl. There were, of course, specimens of this description in the novels of forty or fifty years ago, but then they were warnings, not examples, and were properly punished in the last chapter. Similar works in the eighties present such young ladies as objects of sympathy and interest. Although once she has met that [illegible] she [illegible] tawney moustached, slightly brutal hero she loses all natural regard (not that she ever had a great deal) for her parents, who become bores and impediments, for her brothers and sisters (unless, indeed, one of the former happens to be the chum of her lover), who cease to be endurable as companions, of her friends, as "too tiresome for anything." Her sole occupation, when not in the presence of the "conquering hero," is meditating on the splendor of his magnificent height and breadth, and, I was going to add, depth—only great creatures of this description have not much "depth" to boast of—of his witching horsemanship," his wonderful feats of polo, of his fascinating deviltry, and his last rude speech. Men of this description usually begin with rudeness and require a good deal of love making before they yield to the heroine's persevering "attentions." But she is so desperately in earnest that he gives in at last and warmly reciprocates. Frequently, as a mark of affection, he confides the story of his life to her with many curious little particulars, including a couple of different wives hidden away in different corners. Not his fault you know, the girls would marry him. No matter, the selfish, passionate girl "is far too profoundly possessed by her all-conquering, absorbing love" (as she calls it), to stick at such trifles; she is quite willing to become number three and is only saved by the spasmodic action of the [illegible] rarely roused conscience, and rarely exercised self-control. So after an agonized parting and a large amount of kissing, hugging, clinging and weeping, he disappears into the night (this sort of thing generally happens at night) and she is found lying apparently dead in the grounds or on the balcony, by her tiresome mother or her prying sister, and is—with difficulty brought back to life, nor can I help thinking she is not worth the trouble. It must be added that this type of girl is not very often delineated, and when she is, may generally be found in the novelists' pages. Men do not think much of her, either in fact or fiction; passionate, wicked women they do describe, but not as heroines.

The childish, irrational girl is more common, with fluffy golden hair, sweet innocent, blue eyes and not altogether without heart. She inflicts much uninvited suffering on worthy, respectable men who are her devoted slaves, but women see through her at once, and the more earnest among them long to shake her!

From all these with what delight one turns to the natural, healthy, brown "true blue" girl, not distractingly beautiful, not self-concentrated. Loving life and keen to enjoy, not too angelic in temper, able to take her own part with spirit, and to forgive heartily, tender to the old and weak, generous and sympathetic to young and strong, devout with the religion of self respect, yielding true love when it is nobly sought, but too full of healthy life to be selfishly absorbed in it. Such thorough English girls as Anthony Trollop portrays. What man would not feel himself a lucky fellow if he could secure the life comradeship of one of these!

In fact or fiction there are plenty of these delightful girls for which we may thank God and take courage.

One of the many difficulties with which the novel writer has to contend is the demand of novel readers for extremely youthful heroines. At 17 or 18 character can be but slightly developed with the generality. These heroines scarce escaped from the school room are given too much individuality, decision and consistency for their age and experience, and as a rule they are not so much influenced by circumstances as in real life.

Be that as it may, the young girl is delightfully interesting when sketched delicately, clearly, firmly. Her little foibles and temper neither suppressed nor exaggerated, and when the wisdom of a sound heart corrects the follies of a weaker head, to reverse the qualities of "Good Queen Bess" [illegible] portraits continue to attract and unconsciously mould those young people who follow their fortunes with eager attention, for we must confess that the pale perfection of heroines in the romances of forty years ago does not exercise the same charm as do the more life like girls of modern fiction. MRS. ALEXANDER.

AMONG BUSHWHACKERS.

A Good Story Told by a Veteran of the Civil War.

His Startling Experience in a Remote Section of the South—Relieved at the Eleventh Hour—The Reward of the Deliverer.

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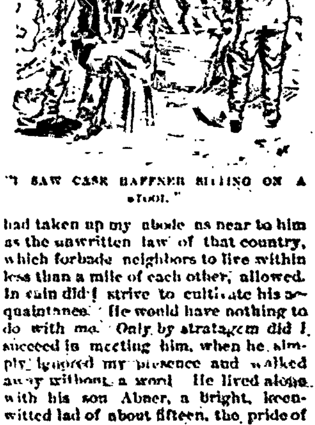
As we sat over our after-dinner coffee and cigars in the major's cozy library, one evening last winter, I discovered my host to be in a reminiscent mood, and ventured to ask him a question that I had frequently meditated. He smiled and was silent for a moment before answering.

"Yes, I have, as you suggest, experienced a number of what may be termed adventures since entering Uncle Sam's service. Of them all, however, I have no difficulty in recalling one that stands out preeminently as the most thrilling experience of my life;" and then he gave this narrative.

"Shortly after the close of the war I was ordered to a remote section of the south, not far from the gulf coast, to investigate certain claims against the government that involved what, for that part of the country, was a large sum of money. As for several reasons it was deemed advisable that my real business there should be kept secret, I assumed the role of settler, took possession of a vacant tract of land, built a two-pen log cabin, engaged a negro servant, and proceeded to explore the country with a view to making the acquaintance of my neighbors.

"The place in which I was located was remote from railroads or regular routes of travel and was about as wild and lawless a district as could well be found east of the Mississippi. It was a limestone country, abounding in sink-holes, caverns and underground rivers and thickly covered with a primeval growth of timber. A few clearings at long intervals marked the fields and garden patches of its widely-scattered inhabitants, who were as primitive a set of people as I had ever encountered. During the war it had been a very hotbed of bushwhacking and its men had plundered and killed on both sides, with a slight predilection in favor of southerners and a bitter hatred of Yankees. Although I carefully concealed my connection with the army and was most guarded in my remarks whenever forced to allude to the war I could not hide the fact that I was a northern man. On that account alone I was from the first an object of suspicion and close scrutiny to my neighbors, by most of whom my friendly overtures were received with a sullen unresponsiveness that was, to say the least, discouraging.

"My nearest neighbor was a giant of a man named Case Haffner, who, as I had learned before leaving Washington, was the acknowledged leader of the district and foremost in all its deeds of deviltry. He, better than any other, could furnish me with the information I wished to acquire. For this reason I had taken up my abode as near to him as the unwritten law of that country, which forbade neighbors to live within less than a mile of each other, allowed. In vain did I strive to cultivate his acquaintance. He would have nothing to do with me. Only by stratagem did I succeed in meeting him, when he simply ignored my presence and walked away without a word. He lived alone with his son Abner, a bright, keen-witted lad of about fifteen, the pride of his father's life and the sole object of his ambitions. With this boy I also tried to scrape an acquaintance, hoping to win the father's confidence through him, but to no purpose. He either eluded me or fled like a startled deer if by chance we met. While others of the neighborhood sought my house with a view to satisfying their curiosity, with Case Haffner and his son 'Ab' I could hold no intercourse.



"I SAW CASE HAFFNER SITTING ON A STOOL."

"So matters stood at the end of a month, when late one evening on returning from an all day's ride to a remote corner of the settlement I was overtaken by a terrific thunderstorm while still some distance from home. I was accompanied by Caesar, my negro servant, and we were on horseback. Bewildered by the storm we lost our way, and after a half hour of hopeless wandering, floundering and general discomfort I was more than thankful to discover a feeble light twinkling in the window of a log cabin.

"Receiving no response to my repeated knockings at the door, I pushed it open and entered. I had not recognized the cabin and did not know until I saw Case Haffner sitting on a stool before the great mud-chinked fireplace, that it was his. The man's face was buried in his hands, and he did not look up at my entrance, nor in any way betray a consciousness of my presence. As I glanced about the rudely furnished room in search of Abner, my eye fell upon a bed on which lay the motionless form of the boy. The light was dim, and, fancying him to be asleep, I called him by name.

"At this the man by the fire sprang to his feet and glaring at me like a wild beast cried out with a terrible oath that his son was dead and for me to be gone before he killed me for intruding on his misery. Instead of obeying him I stepped to the bedside. The boy was to all appearances lifeless, but, disregarding the father's protest and making a careful examination of the boy I became convinced that the vital spark had not yet fled. He had been stricken with one of the quick fevers of that country and had apparently succumbed to it. With a slight medical knowledge gained in the army I saw that there was still a chance of saving him.

"Caesar was at once dispatched to fetch my traveling medicine case, while I heated a kettle of water, Case Haffner meantime regarding my movements with an apathetic indifference. To make a long story short I succeeded before morning in restoring the boy to life and a healthful sleep. At the end of a week, during which I visited him daily, his recovery was assured.

"In all this time, though the father watched my every movement with a cat-like intenseness, he never spoke to me if he could help it, nor did he express the slightest gratitude for the service I had rendered him. Thus, when the boy's recovery so progressed that I had no longer an excuse for visiting the Haffner cabin I was apparently as far from gaining their friendship or confidence as I had been before the night of the storm.

"This state of affairs continued unchanged, when at the end of three months from my arrival in that place I found my business there nearly concluded. I had established the validity of the claims I had been sent to investigate, had reported upon them, and had been ordered to settle them with the money that would be forwarded to me for that purpose. At the same time I imagined that all this business had been conducted with such secrecy as to be unsuspected by a human being beside myself and my principals in the matter. Thus thinking I went alone, and without a feeling of insecurity, to the nearest railway station where I expected to receive the money. It did not arrive on that day, but instead I found a cipher dispatch stating that it would be sent a week later. Accepting the situation with as good grace as possible, I purchased some provisions, placed them in the canvas bag that I had provided for the money and returned to my temporary forest home.

"Late that night I was awakened from a sound sleep by a knock at the door of my room. In answer to my inquiry of 'Who's there?' came a request in the voice of my nearest neighbor that I would give him some medicine to relieve the cold misery that was like to kill him. As he had made similar requests, with which I had complied, several times before, I unsuspiciously opened the door.

"The candle that I had just lighted gave me a glimpse of Caesar with ashen face and the muzzle of a revolver pressed against his head. At the same moment a pistol was leveled at my own face and I was seized and bound by two masked men. In vain did I demand the meaning of this outrage. No answer was given, and I was led outside while a hasty but thorough search was made of every portion of the cabin. It was of course a fruitless one, and after awhile the two men who made it rejoined the one who was guarding me.

"Now one of them spoke, and in a voice which in spite of its disguised tone I at once recognized as that of Case Haffner said: 'You mought as well give us that money, major, fer we're bound to have it and the quicker you surrender it the easier we'll let you off.'

"I answered that I had no money; that it had not arrived. They replied that they knew all about my business and that being closely watched I had been seen to bring that money, which they knew I expected to receive, home from the railway station the evening before.

"Finally their leader said, 'Well, major, ef you are bound not to own up till we force you to we'll have to try a dose of the black hole, and I reckin that'll fetch you to terms quicker'n most anything.'

"I had heard of the black hole, and the suggestion thrilled me with horror. It was a pit in the lime rock, reputed to be of fabulous depth, and was located at some distance from my cabin in one of the most impenetrable of the forest recesses. From it, so the negroes had told me, issued uncanny moanings and groans which they attributed to the ghosts of those who they declared had been flung into it by the bushwhackers when they wished to effectually remove all traces of some of their numerous deeds of blood.

"I protested and made promises; but to no purpose. My money or the black hole was the only answer I received, as I was hurried away through the forest. No other word was spoken, and, left to my own bitter reflections, I took no note of the direction in which we were going nor of the distance traversed. When at length we halted, I became conscious of a hollow, moaning sound that seemed to come from the earth at my feet.

"Once more the question was asked: 'Will you give in, major, and tell us where the money is, or shall we drop you into the back door of hell?'

"I answered: 'For God's sake, gentlemen, believe me when I say that I have received no money. If I had, I would gladly give it as the price of my life.'

"A mocking laugh was their only reply. In another moment a slender rope was knotted under my pinioned arms, and a sudden push left me swinging helplessly in the mouth of the awful pit beside which we had halted. 'We'll wait here just one hour, Major,' came to me in Case Haffner's voice, 'and give you a chance to consider the situation. If you decide to let us have the money inside of that time jest holler and we'll pull you up. If you decide to go to hell and take the greenbacks with you, why, we'll jest have ter bid you good-by, that's all.'

"Then I was slowly lowered down, down, down, through the blackness. So slow was my descent that I seemed to be suspended for hours and to sink miles into the heart of the earth. The pain of the slender cord cutting into my flesh was wellnigh intolerable, and I have evidences of it to this day; with each moment the moaning, gurgling and groaning from the unknown depths into which I was sinking, became more distinct and horrible.

"Suddenly, those above let go of the rope, and with a yell of despair I dropped, I do not know how far, into water that closed above my head. As I rose to the surface choking and gasping for breath, I felt that I was being swept forward by a powerful current, and as I again sank my feet touched bottom. A moment later I stood in water up to my shoulders and again breathed freely. For some time I was confused beyond the power of thought by the hollow roar of the black waters rushing through those awful caverns. All surrounding space seemed filled with snarling, formless monsters cautiously advancing and making ready to spring at me. Even now I often awake at night with the horror of that moment strong upon me. It was so unendurable that I resolved to end it. It was with great difficulty that I maintained my footing. I could not do so much longer. Why should I attempt to? There was absolutely no hope of escape. I tried to pray 'Oh, Lord Jesus, receive my soul!' Then my muscles relaxed, and I was swept away by the rushing torrent.

"A HASTY BUT THOROUGH SEARCH WAS MADE."

"I have no idea how far I was carried before my feet again touched bottom, this time in water that was not above my waist. I had closed my eyes. Now I opened them. A bright light was swinging to and fro not a hundred feet from me. I stared at it blankly and with little interest, only wondering with a languid curiosity what sort of a subterranean hell it might be, when suddenly my bewildered senses were startled into renewed activity by the sound of a shout. It was a human voice uttering a long-drawn 'hello-o-o!' that echoed and re-echoed wierdly through the cavernous depths about me. I essayed to answer, but could not. Then I slowly made my way through the shoaling water toward the light.

"In another minute I stood beside a boy, the one whose life I had saved two months before, and as he cut the thongs that bound my arms he said, cheerily:

"'It's all right, major. Paw 'lowed you'd be coming along this yere way 'bout this time, an' he tolled me to shorely be on hand to meet up with yer. Now ef you'll foller me we'll be outen this directly.'

"The boy was standing in the mouth of a narrow passage, that, free from water, led away almost at right angles to the main channel of the underground river. It ended at a well-like opening in which stood a rude ladder. Climbing this, we emerged through a well-concealed trap door into the very room where Abner Haffner had lain at the point of death six months before."

"Is that all?" I asked as the major paused with a far-away gaze.

"Yes, that is all of that story. I could not cause the arrest of the gang, even had I known who composed it, without causing that of their leader and from the moment that blessed light illumined the black waters of that underground river I would not have harmed Case Haffner for anything the world holds best worth having. Next day by daylight I was well out of that section of country nor have I ever since set foot in it."

"Have you heard again from that boy?"

"Who, Abner? Well I should say I had. I put him through college and he is in congress today. If I should tell you his real name you would instantly recognize it as that of one of the smartest men ever sent to Washington from the far south." KIRKE MUNROE.

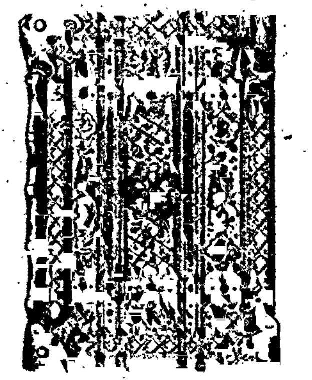
THE GUTENBERG BIBLE.

Picture of the Cover of the Famous and Valuable Volume.

Herewith is presented a picture of the cover of the famous Gutenberg Bible which was in the Brayton Ives collection recently sold in New York. The Bible was purchased by James W. Ellsworth, of Chicago, for $14,800.

This book was printed by John Gutenberg, at Mentz, between the years 1450 and 1455, and is the first one ever printed with movable types. It is in two volumes, folio; in the original binding, thick oak boards with stamped calf, ornamented brass corners and center pieces, with bosses; many leaves with uncut edges; measuring 11⅝x15¾ inches on the leaf, without title pages, pagination or signatures; 641 leaves printed in double column, 42 lines to a full column; the initials and rubrics in manuscript throughout. The first volume contains 324 leaves, of which one is in fac-simile, and ends with the Psalms; the second has 317 leaves, sixteen in fac-simile. Gothic type is used throughout, and several hundred brilliantly-illuminated capital letters adorn the pages.

This copy was discovered about twenty years ago in the archive of the Predigerkirche, at Erfurt. Dr. Bruno Stubel, of Leipsic, examined it and published a full and accurate description of it in the Serapeum, August 15, 1870. He collated this new-found copy with two other copies, one from Munich and the other from Leipsic. This book, having been restored, was offered for sale in Berlin by Albert Cohn, at 4,000 thalers ($3,000), and in 1873 it reached London, where it was bought by Henry Stevens as agent for Mr. George Brinley, of Hartford, Conn., for $9,000. At the sale of Mr. Brinley's library in March, 1880, this Gutenberg Bible passed into the possession of Mr. Hamilton Cole, who paid $8,000 for it. Subsequently it was bought by Mr. Ives, but the price paid is not known.



COVER OF THE GUTENBERG BIBLE.

SHOES OF CHAMPIONS.

Collection of the Plates of the Most Notable Racers of This Century.

A small but select and genuine collection of racing plates of the cracks of last year, and the three Futurity winners excites the attention and study of visitors to the Coney Island jockey club rooms. The plates are richly gilt, inlaid on a blue velvet ground, and inclosed by a neat frame. The collection only lately became the property of the club. It was made by Howell Clark, brother of Superintendent Frank Clark, who is connected with the office department of the association. The seven plates embrace those worn by Salvator, when he won the champion stakes at Monmouth; Potomac, when he won the third Futurity; Tournament, in the Moshulu; Tenny, in the Suburban; Firenzi, when she won the Freehold stakes, beating Tenny at Monmouth; Chaos, when he won the second Futurity, and Proctor Knott, when he won the inaugural Futurity.

A comparison made of the conformation of the hoofs of the various cracks, as shown by their shoes, is interesting even to the non-race visitors who study them. Firenzi's small and delicate plate almost fits inside Salvator's, although the latter's is the smallest of the others. Tournament's is the biggest and best formed, but in his case the mud shoe he wore in the Moshulu is shown, so that, perhaps, in neither respect is it a fair criterion.

Moltke's Calculating Mind.

The French papers are still engaged in their literary and military autopsy of Marshal von Moltke. The Figaro speaks of him as a terrible, calculating genius. When in 1870 they aroused him in the middle of the night to inform him that war was declared against France, he rubbed his eyes and answered: "Fourth drawer on the left." Then he fell asleep again. In that drawer was found his plan of the campaign; and in the war office in Berlin to-day there are three plans of campaign, the work of Moltke's hand alone, one against France singlehanded, another against Russia singlehanded, and the third against France and Russia combined.

A Remarkable Product.

Saccharine, a coal tar product discovered within the last few years, is, in many respects the most remarkable of the many odd materials found in coal. First, it is the sweetest known substance. One-half pint of it in 35,000 pints of water will give the water a sweet taste equal to one part of cane sugar in 240 parts of water; a solution of one pint of saccharine and 2,500 gallons of water is intensely sweet. In appearance it is a white crystalline powder. Its scientific name is benzoyl sulphonic amide.

WARFARE ON THE ALPS.

HOW THE FRENCH DROVE THE AUSTRIANS FROM GRIMSEL PASS.

Finding the Road Blocked by a Strongly Guarded Defile, a Light Detachment Scaled the Icy Mountain Side and Fell on the Austrian Rear.

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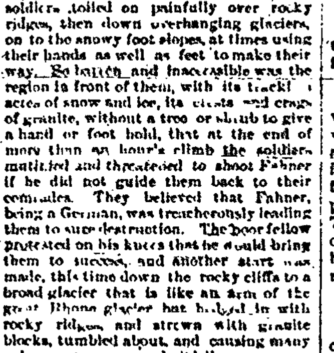
One summer night a group of French officers quartered in the village inn of Guttanen, in the valley of the Aar, in Switzerland, were excitedly discussing in the public room an order from their commanding general that the Austrian fastness in Grimsel pass be carried without fail on the following day. The duty was imperative as part of a general plan to break eastward through the long line of mountain barriers dividing Switzerland north and south from Zurich to the Italian border, and push the Austrian forces out of the Grison cantons and the Tyrol. The grand movement was necessarily made by isolated bodies of French troops, because the passes through the lofty mountains were few and far between. Five thousand men had been assigned to the task at Grimsel pass, and the Austrians had a like number established on Grimsel mountain, to defend the pass, which was the highway between Lucerne and Milan. The excitement among the officers was increased by the report of a reconnoitering party that had just returned from the foot of the pass, stating that the Austrian position was impregnable. In the first place the river Aar had to be crossed at a place where the road runs the distance of 1,000 paces on a narrow ledge, between the river and a wall of perpendicular rocks. This point was guarded by a party of native riflemen in the Austrian service. The river crossing itself was observed by the main body of Austrian troops distributed in a semicircle on the slopes of Grimsel mountain, with a reserve on the crest, the region of perpetual snow and ice. On either side of the Grimsel are the inaccessible walls of rocky, snow covered mountains, rising over 7,000 feet above the pass.

From the mountain crest of the Grimsel, down the sloping side to the river Aar, the surface is strewn with blocks of rock forming natural defenses; and just above the bridge, and looking down upon it, is a mound from which a heavy fire could be poured into any force attempting to approach the bridge, and in fact the pathway leading to the bridge is barely wide enough for two men to walk abreast.

The French were at a disadvantage in every way, for not only would they be exposed to the Austrian fire during the whole of their advance, but their own fire, being from below against adversaries many hundred feet above them, would be thrown away, and after carrying the bridge and the foot of the pass they would have to scale an ascent so steep as to require the use of both hands in climbing. The Austrians confidently believed that should the French persist in an attack not a man of them would reach the summit of the Grimsel alive. So, also, the French patrol had reported to their commander at the Guttanen inn after their reconnaissance.

The animated talk of the French officers over the disheartening story was heard and partly comprehended by the peasant landlord of the inn, a German named Fahner. The lavish habits of the French made them very profitable customers for the humble inn, and Fahner, partly to please the humor of his guests and partly to make a vain display of himself, declared to some of his boon companions that he knew a path by which the Austrians on the Grimsel could be taken in the rear without risk to the assailants. The remark was repeated to the French commander, and when he asked for particulars Fahner wanted to recall his words. The vehement Frenchmen would not give up the idea, however, so well did it fit in with their desires. After alternate threats and bribes Fahner agreed to act as guide and lead a light detachment over ice and rock bound regions where no feet but those of the sprightly chamois and their intrepid hunters had ever trod. No wonder Fahner wished to back out when the full significance of his rash proposal dawned upon him, for a lithe and muscular mountaineer, armed with a strong alpenstock, is a vastly different subject for journeying among slippery glacier and gorge, and over rocky cliff and summit, from a knapsack laden soldier, hampered with accouterments. No time was lost after the details were settled upon. At 3 o'clock next morning the French troops were on the march up the Aar valley, heading for the slaughter pen the Austrians had prepared for them in the pass. At daylight 300 light troops separated from the column and were guided by Fahner across the Aar to the Austrian side, and then skillfully led under rocky headlands, through low underwood, and along icy gorges in a course at right angles with the river and the route of the main column. The sharpest caution was necessary to prevent discovery, for the whole region was in plain view of the Austrians on the summit of Grimsel. The soldiers toiled on painfully over rocky ridges, then down overhanging glaciers, on to the snowy foot slopes, at times using their hands as well as feet to make their way. So broken and inaccessible was the region in front of them, with its trackless acres of snow and ice, its crests and crags of granite, without a tree or shrub to give a hand or foot hold, that at the end of more than an hour's climb the soldiers mutinied and threatened to shoot Fahner if he did not guide them back to their comrades. They believed that Fahner, being a German, was treacherously leading them to sure destruction. The poor fellow protested on his knees that he would bring them to success, and another start was made, this time down the rocky cliffs to a broad glacier that is like an arm of the great Rhone glacier but hedged in with rocky ridges, and strewn with granite blocks, tumbled about, and causing many a dangerous gorge and pitfall.



A RASH BOAST.

At the end of two hours they reached the Rhone glacier, and saw before them that vast field of ice stretching away like a sea in the direction of the Grimsel, where the Austrians lay. Off in the distance loomed the frowning ridge of Naegelis-Graetli, nearly 2,000 feet above, and that Fahner pointed out as the lofty position they must take to reach the Austrian rear. Again the soldiers mutinied, and prepared to shoot the guide and compel their commander to turn back. Again Fahner plead for his life, and protested that the farther side of the rocky mountain ridge sloped gradually down into Grimsel pass, and that the route across it was so far above the Grimsel that the French could move unobserved until they reached within rifle range of the guardians of the defile. Once more the intrepid Frenchmen essayed the task, and struggled on for an hour over the slippery terraces of the Rhone glacier, and at last stood at the base of the mountain, whose rock strewn sides with frequent precipices seemed to deny foothold even to the nimble mountain goat. For the third time the soldiers refused to proceed, and again Fahner begged on his knees for his life. He could speak nothing but German, and his excited and vigorous gestures may have been more powerful than mere words, for with his hands he pointed out the crags and ridges over which he would lead up to the very summit. The officers at length quieted the men, and after a two hours' climb the whole body stood together on the western crest of the Naegelis Graetli, looking down upon the unsuspecting Austrians.

They could see the native riflemen at the crossing and the Austrian detachment along the Grimsel slopes and at the top of the pass ahead of them between their own lofty mountain position and the main French column, which was drawn up on a plain just across the Aar from the pass.

The appointed hour had come and all was ready. The vanguard of the French advanced from the plain along the narrow pathway leading to the bridge in single file, and the foremost men tumbled headlong down the bank under the bullets of the enemy's riflemen, as had been predicted. Suddenly a couple of shots rang out from the icy ledges under the crest of the Naegelis Graetli, and others soon followed from the snowy heights above, directly on the Austrian right flank.

A SHOT FROM CLOUDLAND.

The riflemen at the crossing looked around, saw the spectral figures on the mountain, and in their amazement fired wildly. The French vanguard seeing their opportunity charged upon the excited Austrians, and before the smoke of the volley that received them had cleared away they were over the bridge, and the riflemen in full retreat toward their comrades on the slopes of the Grimsel.

The Austrian line on the summit stood firm for a moment. The French threw themselves across the bridge, and formed on the plateau at the foot of the slopes. Then, as the ascent began, they deployed right and left and without firing a shot, clambered up the slope, every man for himself, some with their muskets slung across their backs, others using them as alpenstocks to aid in climbing. Drum and bugle note mingled with the spirited cries that ever herald a French charge. "Forward, comrades! Advance! Advance!" The Austrians were demoralized by the sudden turn of affairs, and then came the time for the bold mountain climbers on the steep and rocky slope of the Naegelis Graetli to put in their finishing strokes. Now it was the Austrians whose bullets would be wasted if aimed at targets so far above the heads of the marksmen, and the rocky acclivity between them and this body of Frenchmen would not admit of a bayonet charge. In a short time the Austrian ranks were broken, and the leaders attempted in vain to preserve order. Many of the French sharpshooters had dropped down the rocky mountain side and made their way squarely to the rear of the Austrian position.

As soon as the news spread among the Austrian soldiers that the way of retreat was cut the wildest confusion set in. The men surged forward only to be met by French bullets from the direct front; then to the right, to be cut down by the gallant fellows on the mountain side, and to the rear, only to fall before the well aimed missiles that sped from every rock and mound. On the other side still there was a lake whose sloping banks were steep and icy, and many pain stricken men rushed upon the treacherous ground only to lose foothold and be swiftly hurled into the chilling waters of the little sea. The French soon formed a circle around the summit of the Grimsel, and there gathered in several hundred prisoners. The killed and wounded Austrians on the field were between 150 and 300, and many uncounted were drowned or lost in the gorges of the glaciers in trying to make a hasty escape. The French lost twenty men.

In one hour from the time the party led by Fahner appeared on the mountain crest as a signal for the attack to commence, the last shot rang through the mountain glen and Grimsel pass was won. On the same day the general French advance on the whole mountain line was successful, but not one of the numerous passes assailed presented the difficulties of the Grimsel, with its paths of snow and ice. One needs but a bird's eye view of the region from some exalted peak in the distance to feel a shudder at the thought of men risking their lives in crossing the slippery and crevice'd icefields, and climbing the mountains among ice coated bowlders, where a feather's weight, a zephyr's breath even, will bring down ponderous masses to hurl the presumptuous traveler into the inaccessible gorges that yawn at the feet of every mountain wall. It was a wonderful military feat, and the French fully deserved the success and glory won by their daring. GEORGE L. KILMER.

He Was Kind.

In the waiting room of the Pennsylvania depot the other day there was a middle aged man with a fresh weed on his hat, and quite a number of people must have whispered to themselves that he had lately lost the companion of his joys and sorrows. Among those who observed him closely was a man of about his own age, who had five or six parcels on the seat beside him, having evidently been doing considerable trading. After a few minutes he walked over to the other and remarked:

"I don't mean to be nosy, but I see you are in mourning."

"Yes."

"Wife?"

"Yes."

"How long since?"

"Just a week."

"Um! Here take this lemon," continued the questioner, as he drew one from his coat tail pocket.

"I—I thank you, but"—

"Cost me three cents, but you needn't worry about that. You orter keep 'em with you right along. Lost my wife about two years ago and went to sucking lemons, and I'll be hanged if I didn't forget all about my calamitous loss and pitch a game of quoits within two weeks! Try a dozen or two, and I'll bet an acre of garden sass agin a straw hat you'll be huntin' for number two within six months!"—M. Quad in New York World.

Willing to Please.

"Oh, Marie, Marie," pleaded the precise mother, "why do you use such slang?"

"Why, mamma," explained the girl, "I can't help it. Everybody does, and I am forced to do it in self defense."

"But, my child, you shouldn't do wrong because everybody else does. You should obey a higher and nobler principle than that."

"Well, mamma, I hadn't thought of it just in that way before. I can see now that I have been led unwittingly into a fault which neither right nor reason can sanction."

The mother's eyes filled with tears.

"And you will never use slang again?" she said, bending forward and kissing the soft white forehead of her child.

"You bet your sweet life, I won't," exclaimed the impulsive girl, and was silent. Detroit Free Press.

The friends of Tony Hart, once famous as a comedian, have given up hope for his recovery. He is confined in a Massachusetts asylum, and is said to be insane, paralyzed, nearly blind and without the use of his lower limbs.

REPUBLICAN ITALY.

WHAT AN OLD GARIBALDIAN THINKS.

The Democratic Party and Its Leaders in Parliament. Followers of Mazzini, Socialists and Garibaldians. The Liberal Press Regarding Republican Associations.

PARIS, May 12.—There is no denying that, within the last ten years, Italian democracy has made a very considerable advance, as exhibited by the general elections last year and the more recent supplementary ballots. Democratic candidates have triumphed everywhere, or have succumbed beneath few adverse votes while battling against the whole of the conservative forces combined. In the old chamber the radicals could scarcely muster thirty-five members, now they number fully sixty in the new, thus occupying nearly twice as many seats, in spite of the desperate opposition waged by Crispi, who though once a co-conspirator with Mazzini, has grown to be more royalist than the king. If the radicals had not committed faults at the last elections they might have gained upward of a hundred seats, for discontent was rife against the government.

I may here remark that universal suffrage does not exist in Italy. Out of a population of thirty millions there are only two millions and a half of electors. Italy with universal suffrage would be able to count six million voters. Only those who pay direct taxes or who possess a certain degree of instruction may vote in that country. In order to become an elector a workman must submit to an examination, unless he holds a certificate from one of the parish schools. He must prove before a public notary that he has himself drawn up his demand for inscription on the electoral lists. Although for many years past education has been compulsory, the number of illiterate individuals is still very great; they include nearly 50 per cent. of the population. I may instance a typical fact. Turin, which is one of the most advanced towns in the country, counts 60,000 workingmen. Of these only 300 enjoy the right to vote. A fair estimate may thus be formed of the intellectual acquirements of the working classes in other towns of the peninsula, especially in the southern provinces, let alone the country districts, where neither schools or schoolmasters are to be found.

The progress of democracy in Italy, as elsewhere, is intimately bound up with the progress of instruction. The extreme left in the Italian parliament does not fully represent Italian democracy, which is much split up and composed of various elements, such as Radicals, Intransigeants, Republicans, Socialists, Irredentists, each and all of whose members aspire to become ministers. Nor has the extreme left any chiefs if it has men of note. The more distinguished among the members of the parliamentary democracy are Cavallotti, Bovio, Imbriani, Pantano, Gen. Canzio (Garibaldi's son-in-law), Luigi Ferrari, Diligenti Costa and others.

The real Republicans in Italy belong to the Mazzini party; they have ever recommended abstention, on account of the political oath which is administered on entering the house, thus faithfully fulfilling the injunctions of their master, Guiseppe Mazzini, who was one of the greatest apostles of popular liberty and of Italian unity. Some, however, at the last elections, modified their views in this respect, and several of the Mazzini party came forward for election as, for example, M. Fratti, a young advocate of talent, who for many years passed condemnation on all republicans that entered parliament. Most of those who belong to the Mazzini party, however, still continue to practice abstention, and, like the Catholics, follow the maxim of Pio Nino: "Neither elected nor elector." The faithful disciples of Mazzini are convinced that the Republicans at Montecitorio—where the parliament holds its sittings—wield no power and are absolutely impotent. In their view Republicans grow corrupt when in the house and finally betray the people's cause.

Most of the Socialists are of one mind on this point with the Mazzini party. There are only three or four Socialists inside the Italian parliament, among them being M. Andrea Costa, an erudite and eloquent man. A member of the Mazzini party said to me recently: "Even as regards the Republican propaganda our presence in parliament can be of no use. The president of the chamber, who, like all monarchists, places the interests of the dynasty above those of the country, would never allow a Republican deputy to demonstrate the superiority of a Republican over a monarchial regime. It is alleged that, under the constitutional monarchy in Italy we have more liberty than France has under the republic. Such a statement is completely erroneous. In the French chambers M. Cassagnac, the Bonapartist, is free to vindicate the empire and assail Republican institutions. In Italy no member would be allowed to assail either the monarchy or the triple alliance, which latter is regarded as sacred and inviolate as the king.

The Mazzini party were for many years the bitter foes of the Garibaldians, that is to say, of the Radicals and Republican Opportunists, who considered abstention in political elections as fatal to democracy. The religious views Mazzini, whose programme is summed up in these words: "Dio e popolo" (God and the people), have also divided the Italian Republican party. Mazzini's lieutenants, such as Quadrio, Campanella and Saffi, all three now dead, constantly refused to act as deputies, because it was repugnant to their conscience to take an oath of fidelity to the monarchy, knowing that they would be unable to act up to it.

Long discussions and fiery polemics have taken place between the different shades of Italian Republicans in regard to this question. M. Bezzi, the valiant Garibaldian colonel, an Irredentist from Trent, was returned at the last elections. He had accepted to act as deputy; but, soon after his election, he tendered his resignation to the president of the chamber, declaring that his Republican convictions prevented him taking the oath required by law. Fifteen years ago, at a meeting in Genoa, I heard the ex-Republican M. de Fortis, formerly under-secretary of state at the ministry of the interior, declare that he could not understand why certain Republicans were so scrupulous, as the oath was a mere formality, that it had no importance and in no wise engaged the conscience of those to whom it was administered. M. de Fortis, it will appear, was already shifting around towards constitutionalism; doubtless, however, he little then thought he would some day become under-secretary of state in a cabinet formed by M. Crispi. All the most distinguished members of the Italian Republican party, such as Aurelio Saffi, Maurizio Quadrio, Alberto Mario, Campanella, etc., have consistently refused seats in the parliament on that account. They are noble characters, to whom all parties alike render homage.

Mazzini's motto, "Dio e Popolo," appeared a Democratic heresy, to the majority of the Republican party in Italy. M. Edmond Lepelletier, speaking of Mazzini, said: "It is only fair to admire the sombre energy and ardent patriotism of the renowned Italian agitator; but it is allowable not to share his views. Divinity is the image of royalty; its action cannot be other than to enthrall the mind and dominate the people. A democrat, in spite of Buchez and a few others such types as appeared in 1848, can no more be a friend of religion than it is possible for the pope to be a revolutionist. There is deep irreconcilable antagonism between the church, which is the government of a caste, and democracy, which is the government of a people."

I am inclined to think with the much regretted Saffi, who was Mazzini's most faithful disciple, that the philosophic views of the great Italian thinker and patriot have been somewhat misunderstood. Mazzini was a deist after the manner of Victor Hugo, he rejected all revealed religion. The God of Mazzini was no more the God of the Church of Rome than the God of the Church of Rome was the immortal author of "La Legende des Siecles." The republicans of the Mazzini party found fault with Garibaldi for inscribing on his flag the celebrated motto, "Italia e Victor Emanuel," when he headed the heroic and legendary expedition of the Thousand in Sicily. The hero of the old world and the new, the great knight-errant of humanity, thought himself in duty bound to sacrifice his republican convictions that the independence and unity of Italy should be insured. Mazzini also offered to espouse the cause of Pius IX and King Charles Albert in view of wresting Italy from the yoke of Austria. A few years later the two great factions of Italian democracy—one preaching revolution and the other evolution—became finally reconciled over the tombs of Mazzini and Garibaldi.

Nearly the whole of the electoral body in Italy is made up from the aristocracy, gentry bureaucracy. Rather should we betray surprise at the fact that the Italian democrats, in spite of restricted suffrage and uninominal voting, which is favorable to the government, are so well represented in parliament. The French Republicans, with universal suffrage, counted only five members in the legislative body during the second empire. If all the Democrats in Italy voted with the same discipline as the constitutional parties and with the additional advantages of universal suffrage, there can be no doubt that the extreme left in the Italian parliament would number at least 150 members. Without universal suffrage the Italian parliament will never be a true expression of the aspirations of the country.

It is in Upper Italy, in the Marches of Tuscany and especially in Romagna that democratic ideas have made most headway within the last few years. They are even gaining ground in the southern provinces, in Sardinia and in Sicily. The Socialist party, if we except Romagna, is not very strong, numerically; but its numbers will increase, because the misery in country districts is very great throughout Italy. An Italian patriot who resides at Venice recently wrote to me, saying: "I think that Italy will have recourse to a social or agrarian rather than to a political revolution, because the sufferings of our country people are indescribable."

Democracy in Italy has few papers to vent its grievances. There is no organ with a decidedly republican platform. The Secolo, of Milan, of which M. Sonzogno is the wealthy proprietor, has by far the largest number of readers; it prints on an average 150,000 copies a day, a big output for Italy, where compared with that of other countries, the press in general may be accounted still in a state of infancy. Il Secolo is the organ of parliamentary democracy, but does not combat monarchical institutions. It would willingly see M. Felice Cavallotti, who is called the Bayard of Italian democracy, at the head of the ministry in the country. This paper under the editorship of M. Teodoro Moneta, an apostle of peace and international arbitration, has led a sturdy campaign against the Crispi dictatorship.

The Messaggero, the most widespread newspaper at Rome among the popular classes, has the same programme as the Secolo; but it is somewhat more Socialist in its doctrines; it prints on an average of 75,000 copies a day. The Capitale, since it was ceded by M. Sonzogno to M. Matteo Renato Imbriani, has become the organ of the Irredentists. M. Imbriani may be considered in a measure the Deroulede of Italy. The Diritto is the organ of the Monarchial-Democratic party; its platform is that of M. Crispi "in illo tempore," viz.: it seeks to democratise the monarch. La Lombardia, of Milan, is a Monarchial-Democratic newspaper "sui generis." La Tribuna, of Rome, a semi-radical paper, is, after the Secolo, the most important organ of the Italian press; it belongs to Prince Sciarra, a deputy of the dynastic left, it costs him upwards of $200,000 a year; its views recall those of the Diritto, and it prints 70,000 or 80,000 copies a day.

A large daily paper, with decided Republican ideas, has never been able to pay its expenses in Italy. "Il fascio della Democrazia," to which M. Alberto Mario was one of the chief contributors, was established at Rome several years ago, but it soon went under. The infliction of heavy fines prevents Republican papers from reaching success in Italy. Liberty of the press, like the right of public meeting, is there considerably restricted. No meeting takes place except under the watchful eye of [illegible] to all monarchial institutions. The Italian constitution is merely the statute granted to Piedmont by King Charles Albert in 1848. Its clauses are far less liberal than those of Belgium and Holland.

But one of the main reasons why the Democratic party has not been able to [illegible] the masses. Doubtless it will eventually make headway therein in other civilized countries, with the advance of instruction and the political education of the people. There is a large number of weekly Republican and socialist publications in Italy, but they exert little influence. The most important of these Democratic publications are Il Lucifero at Ancona, and L'Emancipazione at Rome, which follow the tenets of Mazzini. But Democracy in Italy is poorly represented by newspapers, more poorly perhaps than in any other country, although I believe it is fairly endowed with associations.

There is not a town, village or hamlet in Italy but counts several Democratic groups of societies. Herein lies the force of Italian democracy. Upwards of 1300 associations were represented at the Democratic congress which was held at Rome in May of last year. Italian democracy has always betrayed lively and sincere sympathies for the great people of the United States, and has never ceased protesting against those who attempt to belittle those republican institutions to which that country owes its greatness, power, wealth and present prosperity. In our country M. Laboulaye's book, "Paris in America," met with greater success than in Italy. At all the Democratic meetings M. Laboulaye's book was recommended as highly suitable for the young, who might thus form a correct idea of American institutions. Professor Martinati of Florence once delivered several lectures on the subject. The great majority of the Italian Republican party is not Federalist, but in favor of union, as was Mazzini. Italian Republicans, however, who are in favor of union, demand a wholesale decentralization and the greatest amount possible of local self government. Italian Republicans who follow the doctrine of M. Cattaneo look upon federalism as the solution of the social question.

All liberal and impartial minds, all those who observe, appreciate and follow with dispassionate feelings, and like plain historians, the events now taking place in Italy, are agreed in affirming that the future of the country is in the hands of the democracy.

R. RAQUENI,
Editor of La Epoque, organ of the Paris Italian colony.

Two Cases of Rheumatism Cured by One Bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

M. T. D. [illegible] relates his experience as follows: I was taken with a violent rheumatic pain in my knee while at Renwick, Iowa, some time ago. It became so painful as to render walking almost impossible. Having used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with the most satisfactory results I concluded to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm for my rheumatism. It took three applications to cure it sound and well and I must say the remedy was almost magic in its effect. The first application relieved the pain. The next day while at Young's Hotel, Pilot Grove, Iowa, I noticed the clerk limping and seemingly unable to attend to his work. On learning that he was suffering from rheumatism in the knee joint, I gave him the remainder of the 50 cent bottle of Pain Balm and told him to use it as I had done. He did so and the next day was well. I have [illegible] him in pronouncing Chamberlain's Pain Balm the promptest and most effectual cure for rheumatism I have ever known."

J. JAY JOSLIN & SON,
DRY GOODS, [illegible]
[illegible]
COMPLETE MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT [illegible]
Joslins

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO
[illegible]

HEALTH IS WEALTH
DR. E. C. WEST'S [illegible]
WE GUARANTEE [illegible]
G. B. STOKES [illegible]

PLANT QUESTIONS.

RECENT ADVANCES IN THE SCIENCE OF BOTANY.

Whence Do Plants Obtain Their Nitrogen? Fifty Experiences of Leguminous Plants of Advantage in their Growth and Higher Plants and Free Nitrogen.

LONDON, May 10.—It seems a curious fact that science has not yet succeeded in finally deciding the question, whence do plants obtain their nitrogen? Nevertheless it is a fact that some plants are found to accumulate in their substance more of this element than can be proved to come from the soils in which they grow, if we accept the mere analysis of those soils as showing what stores of nitrogen are at their disposal. It is a relatively easy matter to demonstrate that in the available soil of a wheat field, or of a field of potatoes, clover, beans, peas, etc., so many pounds per acre of this important constituent of the crops exists in the form of nitrates or of ammonia salts, derived from the rocks of which the soil is composed, or from the vegetable remains or manure added to the land but numerous experiments have proved that whereas some crops, such as wheat, oats and barley, for instance, take away no more nitrogen than can be thus accounted for, other crops, such as peas, beans, clover and other plants of the same kind known as leguminous, remove something like twice as much of this element from the land, quantities considerably in excess of what is normally present in the soil as nitrates and similar compounds, moreover, the puzzle is rendered no simpler by the well known experience that many of the latter plants do not leave the land poorer in nitrogen, as do the former, but that leguminous plants enrich the soil with this element, and have therefore come to be called nitrogen accumulators in contrast to crops which distinctly exhaust the soil.

These facts have long been recognized by botanists and agriculturalists alike and no surprise can be felt that they should have formerly assumed that these leguminous plants must draw upon some other source of nitrogen than the soil, and since it is well known that the atmosphere contains practically inexhaustible quantities of free nitrogen, it seemed natural to conclude that the surplus of that element in leguminous crops was derived by the plants from the atmosphere. Here was, of course, a definite problem for solution, and investigations were conducted for the purpose of deciding the question once for all.

Experiments so arranged that every source of external nitrogen but that of the atmosphere was excluded, resulted in proving that plants cannot assimilate the free nitrogen of the atmosphere which is everywhere in contact with them and it was suggested that the balance of nitrogen in the leguminous crops must come from continuous additions to the soil of compounds of that element, such as the nitric acid known to be produced in small quantities under the influence of the electric discharge during thunder storms, and ammonia evolved by the decay of organisms, and possibly by various other subtle processes not understood; these compounds exist at any one time only in minute quantities in the atmosphere, but they are washed down in the rain, and soak into the soil and accumulate there. The botanists were by no means entirely satisfied with this explanation, however, and since it was capable of being tested by comparing the analyses of the contents of the numerous rain-gauges kept at various agricultural stations, statistics were prepared which showed that there is not sufficient of such compounds of nitrogen brought down in the rain to make up the deficit, and so the problem was still an unsolved one.

So far as could be decided at the time, it seemed clear that whereas most crops, such as those of gramineous plants (wheat, barley, hay, etc.) derive the whole of their nitrogen from compounds in the soil, or brought into the soil by rain, the anomalous leguminous crops derive only part of their much larger quantities of nitrogen from these sources, leaving a balance to be accounted for; moreover, as said the latter crops, although they accumulate as much nitrogen, do not exhaust the soil of this element in anything like the same proportion as the former. Somehow and somewhere during the growth of the leguminous crop the soil obtains nitrogen in forms that are of use to the plants, and ultimately the soil must apparently be enriched from the atmosphere.

In the meantime botanists had drawn attention to some remarkable facts, which no one dreamed of connecting with the question of the sources of nitrogen in vegetation until quite recently. It had long been known that the roots of leguminous plants are studded more or less thickly with curious fleshy excrescences, like small tubers, and some few years ago it was discovered that the cells of which these tubercles are composed are densely filled with multitudes of extremely minute germs, so like bacteria that they have since received the name "bacteroids." The first question that arose was as to the nature of these bacteroids or germs, and a strange story has resulted from the investigation. It turns out that the bacteroids are true living germs so numerous and so minute that they are spread all over in the interstices of the soil, in the air, in rivers, and even in ordinary sand. If a pea, bean, or other leguminous seed germinates in ordinary soil or sand, exposed to the usual vicissitudes of climate its young root invariably becomes infested by these ubiquitous germs. The germ attaches itself to the root hairs of the plant puts forth a delicate process, which enters the root, penetrating from cell to cell, and at last reaches its deeper parts. Once inside, the infecting organism so excites the tissues of the root that they grow out in the form of the fleshy tubercles referred to above. The process reminds one, in fact, to a certain extent, of the formation of a gall under the stimulus afforded by the puncture of an insect. For instance, the galls on the roots of vines produced by the "phylloxera" and other similar insects, but in the present case the infecting organism is undoubtedly of a vegetable nature, being one of those curious lower forms of fungi, in the wider sense, which have been so much studied of late years.

This leguminous plant is thus excited into developing those soft, fleshy tubercular masses of tissue, in which the fungus thrives and spreads rapidly, and in the course of a few weeks or months, as the case may be, myriads of these germs are developed, many of which escape into the soil, and thus distribute themselves all over, whence they are washed into the drains and rivers, or driven with dust into the air. The ubiquity of these germs of course explains that of the tubercles, which have now been sought for and found on the roots of leguminous plants fresh and in herbaria from all parts of the world, just as certain bacteria and yeasts occur everywhere so do these evil germs. Moreover just as fermentable and putrescible bodies may be disinfected or sterilized by heat, so soils and water after being heated up sufficiently to kill these tiny germs, no longer give rise to the tubercles on the roots of leguminous plants growing in them the heat having killed the germs the roots do not become infected in the sterilized soil and so no tubercles are produced.

But now comes the strangest part of this strange history. It appears that when leguminous plants are grown in such sterilized soils and therefore develop no tubercles on their roots, they show signs of weakness and inanition of a peculiar kind, and may soon die of starvation; if, on the other hand the plants are growing in similarly sterilized media but carefully infected—at the roots so as to insure their being penetrated by the fungus, and so producing the tubercles, they flourish exceedingly and may do even better than plants in the open land. These observations admit of but one interpretation namely, that in some way or other the presence of the tubercles (and therefore of the infecting fungus which excites their development) is of advantage to the leguminous plant, and the question arises, how? Experimental investigations have recently led to the suggestion that in some way or other the fungus helps the higher plant to obtain its excess of nitrogen, and there is apparently much to be said for this view.

Two difficulties of course present themselves. In the first place it is asked, how can the fungus be thus parasitic as it were in the roots of the plant and still not injure it, and, secondly, by what means can such organisms as these minute and lowly germs, abundant though they are, obtain the free nitrogen from the air, when it has been established that the higher plant is unable to directly assimilate that gas?

These questions are undoubtedly pertinent, but it appears with respect to the first of them that this is by no means the only example of the symbiosis, or mutualism of two organisms, known to physiologists, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms cases are well understood where two animals or two plants have taken to living together in common, and deriving mutual benefit from the arrangement, or rather, have established the symbiosis, because it is advantageous to both. To mention one illustration only. The well known lichens of our rocks and walls are cases in point. The lichen is now known to be a compound organism consisting of a green alga enveloped in the meshes of a colorless fungus; the alga provides carbonaceous food from the atmosphere and the fungus contributes other constituents to the common table at which both feed. Hence the botanist sees no difficulty in regarding the leguminous plant as the great carbon provider, if the fungus in its roots can be shown to contribute a fair share to the entertainment in some other way, and recent researches render it very probable that it does so.

In some cases the higher plant has been shown to take up some of the substances formed in the tubercles, probably in part the dissolved remains of the germs, and it is even alleged that the mighty vengeance is executed on the more humble guest when the higher plant grows big and strong enough to absorb the fungus. Be this as it may, the contents of the tubercles—i.e., the substances of which the germs are composed are remarkably rich in nitrogen, and if the leguminous plant absorbs any considerable proportions of these, as a tax provided by the fungus to pay for the advantages it obtains by the alliance, then all difficulty as to the high percentages of nitrogen in the mature plant disappears.

But (and this concerns the second question mooted above) it is one thing to prove that the leguminous plant enriches itself in nitrogen at the expense of the substance of the fungus in the tubercles, and quite another to suggest a satisfactory explanation as to the process by which that fungus has accumulated this nitrogen from any other source than compounds already existing in the soil. In fact the burden of working up the free nitrogen of the atmosphere is only removed from the leguminous plants to the fungus. If we assume that the latter can in some way enable the soil to gradually fix nitrogen in the form of some compound which the fungus can absorb and convert into plant substance, then it is easy to see not only how the higher plant obtains its large supplies of nitrogen over and above those provided by the nitrates of the soil itself, but also to explain why the land is actually enriched in nitrogen by the leguminous crops, the decaying root tubercles of which shed myriads of the germs in all directions into the soil.

Here, however we stand face to face with the great difficulty of the entire controversy. The facts of the symbiosis of the plant and the fungus are confirmed and established as are also those of the large nitrogen requirements of the leguminous plant, moreover it seems impossible to go behind the experimental proofs that free nitrogen is not directly assimilated by the higher plants. But the soil impregnated with germs acquires nitrogen according to the recent experiments, and the only conclusion drawn from this is that in some way the fungus enables the soil to obtain this. How is a mystery. Nitrogen is a particularly inert body by no means readily forced into combination with other elements and peculiarly apt to escape even with explosive violence when once united, and no plausible hypothesis as yet exists to account for the alleged fixation of free nitrogen by the soil, and until this is forthcoming the above question remains unanswered. Meanwhile attention is concentrated on the tubercles of the roots, and specially on the remarkable fungus they contain the life history of which is as interesting as the results of it are alleged to be important.

PROF. H. MARSHALL WARD.
F. R. S.

STORIES OF PUBLIC MEN.

SECRETARY BLAINE AND HIS RECENT ILLNESS.

Stephen B. Elkins and His Successful Campaign for the Life of His Boy—Logan and the Presidency. Charles A. Dana's Fear That He Looked Like a Thief.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, May 28.—In this letter I want to tell you two or three simple stories about some prominent men—stories which bring out the human side of persons who are generally talked and written about as public characters. For instance there is Secretary Blaine who is conceded by all observers friends and foes alike to be one of the most interesting men of his time, and perhaps the most interesting man in public life in this country today. Mr. Blaine's illness in New York and the uncertainty as to when he would be able to resume work at Washington called forth the same day of [illegible] try. I was talking the other day with one of Mr. Blaine's most intimate friends, Stephen B. Elkins. Mr. Elkins had just left Mr. Blaine's bedside.

"Mr. Blaine," said Elkins, "is just now going through what I passed. He is not seriously sick but he has a form of the grip which is so likely to depress the spirits of its victims. Why, I have had three millionaires come to my office in the past few months and begin talking about themselves in the end breaking down into fits of weeping. One was a many times millionaire, a man who had made one of the most conspicuous successes, amassed a great fortune, and who had everything to live for. Yet he said to me 'Elkins I don't know what the matter is with me but I want to die. I can see no use for living. I feel so miserable. I want to die and get rest.' And then this great strong man whose name is a power in finance and politics, broke down and cried like a child. Within a month another friend, a rich man, another one who had in family fortune and prospects everything the heart could wish for, called at my office and said he wanted to talk to me about himself. It was the old story. He was not sick enough to go to bed, he was able to crawl around, but there was something the matter with him, he didn't know what, and he was about ready to give up. As he went on talking the tears began to trickle down his cheeks; he choked up and began to sob so that I had to close my door to keep my clerks from observing the rich man's distress.

"That is the sort of thing that has been going through the country during the past winter," continued Mr. Elkins, "and I am not surprised that victims of the prevailing malady should have committed suicide. Now, Mr. Blaine has been affected in somewhat the same way. His case was not so desperate as that of the men I have mentioned, but it was similar. For a few days he was much depressed in spirits. Never since the death of his son Walker did Mr. Blaine realize so fully the nature of his loss as he did while he was himself sick in New York. He always mourned for Walker, but during this ordeal he actually pined for him. Walker was very near his father, and was a manly, thoughtful, helpful son. I will never forget Mr. Blaine's first words when he returned to this country from his tour in Europe. You will remember his health was not good over there, and he sadly missed the help of Walker. We went down the bay to meet Mr. Blaine, and as we stepped upon the steamer Mr. Blaine took both of Walker's hands in his and said to him with love looking out his eyes, 'Jack, my boy, you and I shall never part again.' When Jack, as the family called Walker, was stricken down and died, Mr. Blaine suffered the hardest blow of his life. No political or other disappointment ever struck so near his heart."

Mr. Elkins is himself one of the most interesting of men. Many do not like him or some of his methods, but he was never yet accused of being false to a friend. At this very moment, probably Elkins is the happiest man in America. He has just won a campaign, beside which all his race for wealth, his victories in politics are mere bagatelles. He has saved the life of his boy. It was intensely interesting to me to hear this giant of a man who has had his rough and tumble with the world, more often than otherwise coming out on top, but enduring his failures like a fighter, tell the story of his struggle to save the life of his son—to note the pathos in his voice, and to see the tear glisten in his eye. For five weeks young Steve Elkins has been in the land of darkness, from which he is just now emerging into health.

When he was taken with scarlet fever, his father, with characteristic energy and method of organization, called in the services of three physicians. One was employed to remain in the house, constantly at the little patient's bedside till death or recovery brought an end. The other two were consulting physicians, calling twice a day. Three nurses were employed so that there might be no lack of help. "I did not want any one to be waiting on my boy who was tired, and therefore unable to give the most perfect service," said Mr. Elkins. So the battle went on. Following scarlet fever was malignant diphtheria accompanied by heart failure. For weeks the boy was at the very verge of the grave. Repeatedly the doctors said the end had come but Mr. Elkins enjoined them to labor on, with stimulants, electricity, oxygen, every known means of keeping alive the vital spark. Again and again the little light flickered, wavered, almost disappeared, and finally brightened a bit. But after weeks of delirium, after setting one foot in the other land, little Steve began to mend. He is now on the high road to recovery.

"But for his remarkable vitality," said the father, "he could never have endured the combined onslaught of so many dread afflictions. But even with this we should have lost him had it not been for the plan of campaign which I organized in his behalf. The doctors admit that but for my refusal to give up and for my instructions to fight every inch of the ground his light would have gone out. The lesson to me, and the lesson to all who have boys and girls to save—and what will a man not give to save his child—is never to give up. Fight with every means at your command as long as a spark remains. We can never know how much reserve force there is in a little body to draw upon. Sometimes unfortunately, there is less than there should be. In other cases there will be more and parents should never be satisfied till they have developed and exhausted all there is. I am sure that many of our brightest and best loved children are allowed to perish because the physicians and nurses do not fight to the bitter end."

The story of his campaign for the life of his boy Mr. Elkins told me in private conversation, not intended for publication but I am sure this keen, successful practical man and loving father will not object if I give the lesson of his victory to my readers, that they may follow his example when death sets foot within their doors and threatens to carry off their little ones. If one precious little life may be saved by this means, I know Mr. Elkins will be glad of the publicity which I give to his story.

Speaking of Mr. Blaine and his illness reminds me of an incident related to me recently by Senator Cullom, of Illinois. We were talking about presidential ambitions and possibilities. "I confess," said Senator Cullom, "that at different times in my life I have had a thought of the possibility that I might some day be president of the United States, as I suppose every man in public life, and many men not in public life, have had. But a few years ago I learned one lesson which sank deep into my soul and which can never be effaced. It was when I stood by the bedside of dying John A. Logan, and held the hand of that great man as he passed from this life to the next. There was a strong, ambitious, admirable man who for many years had given himself up to the noble ambition to be president of the United States. It is not saying anything against Logan—for I loved him too well to be capable of criticising him now—to say that for a number of years almost every act and thought of his life was governed directly or indirectly by his ambition to be president. He had worked and slaved and schemed and given up his life to his aspiration. Yet here came inexorable death, no respecter of persons or prospects and struck him down just as the cup for which he had so long striven was about to be offered to his eager lips.

I say this because there is no question among public men of all parties that if Logan had lived he would have been president. His was the saddest death I ever knew, and my thought as I stood holding his hand and feeling it grow colder and colder within my grasp was that the presidential rainbow is one which no man can afford to chase. If it comes to him in the natural course of events he is fortunate. But it is foolish to seek it when untimely death may at any moment step in and wrest from him the fruits of all toil and all devotion."

For fear that I am writing too much on solemn topics, I will now tell a lighter story, which was also told me by Senator Cullom. It concerns Charles A. Dana, the great editor of the New York Sun. During the war the accounts of the war department became so much involved that it became advisable to organize a commission to go to Cairo, Ills., where most of the trouble was, and straighten it out. Senator Cullom and Mr. Dana were asked by Mr. Lincoln to become members of this commission, and consented. They went down to Cairo, where the quartermasters accounts were in frightful confusion. Hundreds of men were claiming pay for horses and other supplies of which there were no records. It was the duty of the commission to pass on these claims, weed out the bad from the good and clear up the books. Of course the claimants were both numerous and insistent, and the members of the commission were besieged from early morning till late at night.

One day Mr. Dana had been taking a walk through the town, and came into the office of the commission with a thundercloud hanging upon his brow. In a moment the storm broke. "Great God, Cullom!" he exclaimed, "will you take a look at me? Look at me carefully. Gaze into my eyes, scan me all over and then answer me truthfully." Cullom and his colleagues did not know what to make of this strange speech. For a moment they thought Mr. Dana had gone crazy. "Look me over, Cullom, and all of you," Dana exclaimed excitedly and earnestly, "and tell me if I look as much more like a d—d thief than the rest of you. Three times today have I been approached by fellows who have horse claims against the government, and offered a bribe if I would see to it that their claims were put through. If I really look as much like a thief as this would indicate, for God's sake tell me, so I can go off some place and shoot myself."

WALTER WELLMAN.

Transatlantic Travel.

The statistics of transatlantic travel present some figures that are simply amazing. While the exact figures of 1850-60 cannot be ascertained it is certain that at least twenty times as many people now go abroad annually as did forty years ago. Indeed it is not so very long ago that a voyage to Europe made one a noted individual in three-fourths of the country. Now every considerable village has citizens who can talk intelligently of what they "saw abroad" and in the cities it is rare to find a well to do man of middle age who has not taken a long sea voyage. At least 60,000 Americans went abroad last year and expended, the reporters say, at least $1,000 apiece on the average. Sixty millions is a good deal of money for a young nation to spend in seeing old countries, and buying curios and foreign clothing, yet the companies are looking forward to a better business this year, as there is no "campaign" on hand, and many want to go before 93, when the interest will center at Chicago.

Politeness Personified.

Here is a good story out of Mr. Groome's article on Suffolk people in Blackwood. It relates to Dr. Belman. He was playing whist one evening, with a maiden lady for a partner. She trumped his best card, and at the end of the hand he asked her the reason why. "Oh, Dr. Belman" (smilingly), "I judged it judicious."

"Judicious! judicious! judicious!!! You old fool!" She never again touched a card.

Was it the same maiden lady who was the strong believer in homoeopathy, and who one day took five globules of aconite in mistake for three? Frightened, she sent off for her homoeopathic adviser. He was from home. So for want of a better she called in old Dr. Belman. He came, looked grave, shook his head said if people would meddle with drugs they must take the consequences. "But, madam," he added, "I will die with you," and lifting the bottle of the fatal globules swallowed its whole contents.—New York Evening Post.

All He Needed

Luminus—Torian, my dear boy, I sympathize with you. Last days at college test a fellow severely. If there is anything in the world I can do to help you pull through with flying colors don't hesitate to call on me.

Torian (class of '91, gratefully)—Thanks old man. If it isn't asking too much I'd be sincerely grateful for the loan of a spare plug hat.—Chicago Tribune.

The Candid Little Boy

"Now, little boy, what is the meaning of the word hypocrisy?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her favorite pupil.

"I can't explain what it is but I know just the same."

"Give me an example of hypocrisy."

"When a fellow says he loves his Sunday school teacher—that's a hypocrisy."—Texas Siftings.

Wonderful Skill

Old Doctor—No, sir. I never have a patient die on my hands, never!

Young Doctor—How do you manage it?

Old Doctor—When I find that a man is going to die I get him to call in another doctor.—New York Continent.

Left to the Rain

Milkman—Shall I leave the usual quart of milk on the front step, ma'am, in the morning?

Mistress of the House—No. I think a pint will be enough, it looks so much like rain.—Harper's Bazar.

NYE STILL "ON THE ROOF"

A FEW THINGS HE NOTICED AS HE WENT ALONG

Obstacles Which the Lecturer Occasionally Meets. Look Out for the Quire Man—A Texas Train Romance and the Song of a Græco-Roman Irishman.

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ON A ROOF.

Southern Missouri is one of the most prosperous sections of the United States. I must freely admit that I did not know it. It is a region built up almost entirely since the war and therefore it is peopled by a thrifty and cosmopolitan people who are not content to live upon their reminiscences and relatives. With a two story soil bearing untold wealth in grains and fruits at the surface and beneath stores of lead and zinc for the whole world it is not surprising that this section smiles at the pinching poverty and the swart commons of other lands.

GETTING INTO THE HALL.

Joplin is a thrifty town in the midst of this fruit grain and mineral belt. It is a good town but the hall where we obliged was not a very pleasant one in some respects. It was a partially reformed rink with an overshot stage entrance. We entered by means of a little side door about eight feet above the street grade in a burglarious way. I stood on Mr. Burbank's shoulders and after sawing off the bolt of the door we managed to break in. Anybody who can get into the stage entrance of a theater will generally have very little trouble in getting into most any secret society.

Carthage is a very handsome and thrifty town with almost every industry contributing to it from the sedentary methods of agriculture to the healthful toil of the insurance. The rock ribbed earth is filled with marble and beautiful building stone to which there seems to be no limit. The quarries are not even able to fill their orders for St. Louis alone, and every farmer has a zinc or lead mine back of his barn. I have been told that half the lead and more than half the zinc output of the United States comes from this region and yet above it all the earth is rich in waving grain, the sky sheds health and vigor, the climate is cooler in summer than Minnesota, and in winter warmer than many southern localities. This opinion is given without hope of stock in a zinc mine or a choice corner near the postoffice at Carthage. Carthage is the most versatile town I have seen for many a day. I also showed there. The popcorn privilege was sold at this point for a good price, and when the lecture was over the floor was white with this cheering but non-inebriating vegetable. It was also at this place that we had the singular stage escape, which consisted of a scuttle hole at the back of the dais. One had to bow pleasantly to the audience, dodge a rafter over the door and scoot down a chute behind the American flag which served as a drawing room. If you have never tried to look pleasant at an audience while you had a lump on the back of your head as big as the bump of self esteem on the brow of a bantam you cannot well understand the effort required at such a time in order to 'oblige.'

Yesterday I met a thrifty traveling man with a silver trimmed sample case. I thought I had seen him before, and so I had. He spoke to me. "Yes," he said "you and I met in Cleveland last month." I remembered it then. I was sitting in the reading room of the Weddell House and this man was there. He was writing a letter. Finally he raised his head and said, "How do you spell choir—a church choir?"

I knocked the ashes from my fragrant cigar and said, "C-h-o-i-r."

"Thanks," he said, "but is it not also spelled q-u-i-r-e?"

"Oh no. You are thinking of a quire of paper," I said as I wiped my nice new high hat with my elbow.

"Possibly but you know I had the idea in my blame fool head that q-u-i-r-e was also correct for church choir. Are you sure that q-u-i-r-e is not admissible for church choir?"

"Oh yes, sir," I said as I wrote a few autographs for a delegation waiting in the ante room. "I would stake my existence on it."

"Well sir I am probably wrong but I am headstrong, and I don't mind losing twenty dollars—for I am a Standard Oil man—just to find out, and we will leave it to Webster."

"All right," said I, wishing to try a spring overcoat of which I was greatly in need. "Twenty dollars goes." I did not notice the grammatical construction, however, at the time.

We got a Webster and then I saw what I had not saw before—that quire was correct. I wish that I could sell the knowledge I have got for what it has cost me. I would take much needed rest in Europe for eighty five years and live well all the time.

Well this man told me that the business he told me. He has quit the road and gone into this [illegible] which nets him fifty dollars [illegible] with the aid of a young man [illegible] him start the argument. At first [illegible] net him fifty dollars per day. Possibly after this ad is published he may not do so well. His idea however was when I saw him to make about $5,000 in three years and then live in a large feudal lime kiln on the Rhine.

At Dallas a traveling man the other day almost broke up the hotel where he stopped. He secured a raw potato as he passed by a grocery store and when he got his dinner order he concealed his baked potato in his pocket and substituted the raw one.

"What kind of a place is this?" he asked as he called the head waiter unto him. "Do you think I am a Texas steer that you feed me on raw potatoes? Are you going to give me cut feed for dessert?"

The head waiter was entirely nonplussed. He went to the waiter and roasted him at a terrible rate. People all over the dining room got interested. It threatened to break up the house. The proprietor came in. Business was paralyzed. Fresh roasted peanuts went up three points. Then it was explained, and peace returned to the cuisine and the breast of the waiter. I do not think that a man should do that way. It hurts the public confidence and shakes our faith in values.

Yesterday several acquaintances met in my room and one of them, a Lotos club man desired to extend the hospitalities of my room. So he rang the bell and a good looking bell boy with light hair and dark eyes with handsome dark looks and a [illegible] came to answer the call.

"Did you ring?" he asked in a low tremulous tone.

"Yes I did," said the visitor. "Now fly around and find out from the gentlemen what they wish to have."

"All right," said the pensive lad as he put a little of my Lubin's on his handkerchief. "I will ask them what they'll have, but I [illegible] I want it understood that I act merely as your agent in the matter."

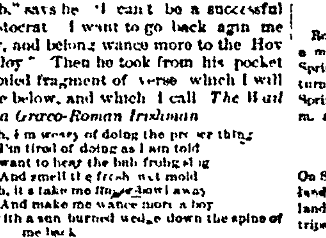
Sometimes these bell boys are quite bright that way.

This letter is possibly rambling and so I venture to refer to a singular circumstance which I witnessed in the [illegible] last week. An elderly man got on at Jasper. He was going to Archy. The [illegible] journey. From the fuss made over it you would [illegible] that this man was going to the Holy Land to visit the tomb of some of the [illegible] He [illegible] his [illegible] grown [illegible] in an explosive way and said goodby to them with real tears in his eyes. He wore a kind of [illegible] on the back of his neck where his long hair had shed [illegible] where the barber had been at work and fixed him all up.

He was all excited with the prospect and after he had kissed quite a large delegation of his neighbors he came in with his black enameled valise containing his other [illegible] and some doughnuts and as the train started up he gave a [illegible] to the top of a middle aged lady who was holding a little bracket made of a cigar box with a jack knife. It took six long months in the uncertain light of the penitentiary for her son to make this for his widowed mother and when he was executed a fortnight ago he left it with many a bitter tear upon it for her.

The venerable widow was crushed at when he fell and a mourn came up from the sore heart of the boy's lonely mother. Quite a number of thoughtless people laughed when they heard the little bracket go by the board but they would not if they had known its sorrowful history.

The farmer apologized over and over again and his tenderness made the widow weep a little more till she had to tell him the sad story, and then she showed him a paper. He wiped off his specs eight times before he got through with it. Then he bought the widow a big red apple, and when the brakeman howled "Archy!" he did not get out, but went past with the widow toward her home. Possibly in the Indian summer of her life she will bless the day when the gentle hearted amateur traveler sat down on the poor little bracket, and he also will cease to regret it. *Quien Sabe* as the feller says.



THE ALDERMAN READ HIS POEM.

Not long ago I met a wealthy ex-alderman of New York in Colorado. He was of Celtic extraction but American by instinct. He was traveling for his health in the fastnesses of the grand old Rocky mountains. He had made a fortune in the beautiful city of Denver by simply buying lots when other people felt like selling and selling while the others were feeling like buying.

We were soon pretty good friends. He said that his greatest grief came to him now because with all his money he hadn't the keen zest for enjoying it that he had in the blessed old days when he had an appetite and no money. "Now," said he, "I have the money and no appetite. I almost cry in the night for the smell of the sod and the spring rain on the dusty road. I hate the smell of Broadway and the street sweepers and the recollection of bad sewerage and the Van Twillers, who knew mighty little of good sanitary arrangements. In fact, be Gob," says he, "I can't be a successful aristocrat. I want to go back agin me boy, and belong wance more to the Hoy Polloy." Then he took from his pocket a soiled fragment of verse which I will give below, and which I call *The Wail of a Græco-Roman Irishman.*

Oh, I'm weary of doing the proper thing,
I'm tired of doing as I am told
I want to hear the bob frog sing
And smell the fresh wet mold
Oh, it's take me [illegible] away
And make me wance more a boy
With a sun burned wedge down the spine of me back
While I whoop with the HOI POLLOI

Oh, me swally tail hurts me under the arms,
And me patent leathers are hot and tight.
For Loo Loo Mat allister's lost his charms
And I'm homesick and weary tonight.
I sigh for the [illegible] fater katy [illegible]
When me [illegible] was all [illegible] joy
When I belled me fate [illegible] the [illegible] wet grass
And belonged to the HOI POLLOI

I want to get shet of me manicure sett
And dig in the dirt and the dew
I want to [illegible] and then forget
All the whole world me darlin' but you.
I'll put [illegible] feet [illegible]
And let it [illegible] away
I want [illegible] yo [illegible]
Since we shook the HOI POLLOI

Bill Nye

His Suspicions Were Aroused

Elkins was in this morning said the clerk as the real estate man entered his office.

Did he make his usual payment?

He paid the interest on the mortgage.

Anything [illegible] principal?

No he let that go this time.

Well said the real estate man reflectively "he's a good man and I can afford to be easy with him so long as he pays the interest promptly."

"Yes sir and he wants to get rid of the entire mortgage sir."

He what?

The real estate man turned sharply on his clerk.

He—he wants to get rid of the entire mortgage sir. He said he was tired of carrying it and asked me to figure out the entire amount of principal and interest and have it ready for him the next time he called.

He did!

"Yes, sir."

"Talked of paying off the whole thing in a lump?"

"Yes sir."

"Write him a letter and tell him if he lets the interest go over one day next month we'll foreclose the mortgage. He's getting ready to stand us off."—Chicago Tribune.

A COLORADO GEM

Is the Burlington Train No. 2, which leaves Denver at 8:30 p. m. every day in the year arriving at Chicago at 8:00 a. m., St. Louis 7:20 a. m., second morning. This is a solid vestibule train with all modern improvements known to the civilized world. Is composed of Pullman Palace sleepers, chair cars, seats free, elegant day coaches and smoking cars. All chair cars have a porter in attendance whose duty it is to look after the comforts of passengers, especially ladies traveling alone. No change of cars of any class on this train between Denver, Lincoln, Omaha, Chicago, St. Joe and St. Louis. Parties traveling via this route destined to points beyond its line can have their sleeping car accommodations secured through to destination by applying to any ticket agent or to W. Vallery, No. 1700 Larimer St., Denver, Colo.

EXCURSION TO LITTLE ROCK

On May 28th and 29th the Santa Fe will sell excursion tickets to Little Rock, Ark., and return at one fare, $2[illegible] for round trip, good to return till June 15th.

G. A. R. ATTENTION!

It is a long time yet before you will have your knapsacks packed for the great encampment to be held at Detroit, Mich., but some of you are even now inquiring as to the best route.

If you will ask any ticket agent or ticket clerk for a folder containing a map of the Great Wabash route and will examine that map you will see that this line offers advantages unequalled. For instance you will see that the Wabash can take you from either Kansas City or Council Bluffs by way of St. Louis and Chicago, or Toledo, or via the direct air line straight to Detroit without change of cars.

Write to me for full information and valuable pointers. C. M. HAMPSON,
Commercial Agent, 1227 17th St., Denver, Colo.

MORE EQUIPMENT

The Great Rock Island has put on another Pullman Palace sleeping car running between Colorado Springs and Kansas City. This sleeper lays over at Colorado Springs. For tickets, maps and full information regarding your eastbound trip call at 12 Pike's Peak avenue. Telephone 97.

The best line east is the Great Rock Island. Through trains, quick time, sure connections, absolute comfort, clean cars free from dust, superb dining cars, latest design Pullman Palace sleeping cars, free reclining chair cars, lowest rates, polite employes, courteous treatment. In short everything combined to make a strictly first class route combined in the Great Rock Island. W. W. WOOD,
Ticket and Pass. Agent, 12 Pike's Peak ave.

$1.90 DENVER AND RETURN $1.90

Via the Great Rock Island route May 28, 30 and June 3, account the races.

EASY AS A CRADLE.

Each vestibule sleeper on the Santa Fe Route "Cannonball" train between Denver and Chicago is as easy as a cradle. Chair cars, library cars and day coaches are arranged with conveniences that satisfy the most fastidious traveler. No prettier swifter or more comfortable train has ever cut a hole in the night.

RIO GRANDE.

Train to Denver 8.20 a. m., 3.00 p. m., and 5.50 p. m. connecting with all Eastern trains.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Great Rock Island wishes to acknowledge the liberal patronage of the traveling public of Colorado Springs and to assure them that the unexcelled service will be continued with the same pains that has always characterized the officials and employes of this popular railway. Our limited vestibule trains run directly to Chicago via St. Joe or Kansas City, without change and are equipped of the very best equipment that money will buy. The dining cars in which all meals are served are simply perfect models of excellence. For tickets, maps lowest rates, etc., apply to W. W. WOOD, Ticket and Pass. Agent, 12 Pike's Peak avenue. Telephone 97.

TO TEXAS FOR A SONG

Buy a ticket to Ft. Worth or Galveston, via Santa Fe Route, at regular rates, and you will be amply repaid by views of scenery in fertile Arkansas valley, beautiful Oklahoma or lovely Washita mountains. A land of happy homes all the way. Through Pullman service from Rocky mountains to deep water. Santa Fe Route is most comfortable line to Texas.

SPECIAL VESTIBULED CAR FOR COLORADO SPRINGS.

One of Pullman's latest and finest sleeping cars is set out at Colorado Springs by the Santa Fe route daily, for the accommodation of Colorado Springs patrons. This car is taken on by the Chicago train leaving at 7.55 p. m. Reservations may be secured at city office in Opera House block. The public are invited to inspect these cars at the Santa Fe depot. They are positively the finest coming into Colorado.

The Santa Fe commence May 17th running a special excursion train on each Sunday between Denver and Woodland Park leaving Denver at 8.00 a. m. arriving at Colorado Springs at 10.?0 a. m. Returning will leave Colorado Springs at 4.00 p. m. and arrive at Denver at 5.30 p. m.

CHEAP RIDE TO CALIFORNIA.

If it costs a ti to buy a ticket to southern California via Santa Fe Route (quickest and shortest line), and in California you regain lost health or wealth. It's a cheap trip, isn't it?

The mascot in this case is the Santa Fe route.

Denver and Rio Grande R. R. six daily trains.

Round trip to Denver	$4 80
Round trip to Pueblo	2 50

Through tickets to all points at the lowest rates. No 16 North Tejon street, New Bank building. b-2-tf

The Denver and Rio Grande are now running broad gauge trains through to Salt Lake and Ogden with through Pullman sleeper to Oakland without change of cars. 1 13-tf

TO DENVER.

Rock Island train leaves Colorado Springs 9.30 a. m. arrive Denver 12 noon. Leave Colorado Springs 4.30 p. m., arrive Denver 7 p. m. Returning leave Denver 3.25 p. m., arrive Colorado Springs 6 p. m., returning leave Denver 8.45 a. m. arrive Colorado Springs 11.15 a. m.

ALWAYS ON TIME.

SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAINS

On Sundays and Wednesdays the Colorado Midland will run special excursion trains to Woodland Park and Florissant making two round trips as follows: First train leaves here at 8.15 a. m. going as far as Woodland Park returning arrives here at 11.05 a. m. Next train leaves at 11.?5 a. m., and goes to Florissant returning arrives here at 5.00 p. m. These trains will run as above until the regular suburban train service goes into effect.

Rock Island is the best line east.

Our citizens who have not tried these new parlor cars on the afternoon Santa Fe trains should do so. The cars are veritable parlors and the chairs as comfortable as the finest parlor chair not to be compared with the ordinary chair cars something entirely new.

THE COMING LINE

The Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern Line offers the best accommodations to the traveling public en route to Chicago. Through trains, fast time, magnificent sleeping cars, elegant dining cars, colonist sleepers, reclining chair cars and handsome day coaches.

[illegible] between Colorado Springs and Manitou [illegible]

There is no comparison between those elegant Parlor cars now running on the Santa Fe [illegible] ordinary chair cars. Try them on the train to Denver at 2.30 p. m. and for Pueblo and Canon City at 11.15 a. m.

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER

Window and Door Screens

Agent for Miller's Patent Blind.

Turned Cedar Hitching Posts on Hand.

JOSEPH DOZIER

Contractor and Builder

South of Court House on Nevada Ave.

E. BRUSOE,
CONTRACTOR,
Builder and Jobber.
17½ Bijou St., Colorado Springs.

GILLIS BROS & WALSH,
Manufacturers of
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Moulding
Veneered Doors, Mantels and all kinds of planing mill work. Stair work a specialty.
Corner Vermijo and Sahwatch Streets.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

DENVER & RIO GRANDE R. R.

COLORADO SPRINGS [illegible]

NORTH BOUND.

No. 2	California and Eastern Express	
No. 4	Atlantic Coast Limited	
No. 6	California, Colorado and New Mexico Express	
No. 8	Pueblo and Denver Accommodation	
No. 10	Trinidad, La Veta and [illegible]	
No. 12	Canon City, Kansas City and St. Louis Express	

SOUTH AND WEST BOUND.

No. 1	California Fast Mail	
No. 3	Pacific Coast Limited	
No. 5	California, Colorado and New Mexico Express	
No. 7	Trinidad, La Veta [illegible]	
No. 9	Pueblo and Utah [illegible] Mail	
No. 11	Canon City and [illegible]	

THE MANITOU BRANCH.

To Manitou—Leave [illegible] 7.55 a. m. [illegible] p. m. 6.40 p. m.

From Manitou—Arrive [illegible] m. 11.50 a. m. [illegible] 6.50 p. m. 10 [illegible]

Through tickets for sale [illegible] east at the depot at [illegible] Parties can select their own [illegible] Baggage checked to destination [illegible] palace sleepers. [illegible] free.

For full information call [illegible]

J. M. ELLISON [illegible]

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE AND COLORADO MIDLAND R. R.

May 31 1891

West bound. Arr.

No. 5	Chicago to Denver	[illegible]
No. 7	Kansas City to Denver	[illegible]
No. 601	Salt Lake to Denver	[illegible]
No. 65	Canon City to Denver and Pueblo	[illegible]
No. 6	Denver to Chicago	[illegible]
No. 8	Denver to Kansas City	[illegible]
No. 603	Denver to Salt Lake	[illegible]
No. 66	Denver to Canon City	[illegible]

Trains Nos. 5 and 6 are solid vestibule between Denver and Chicago with [illegible] Carry Pullman Palace sleeping cars, smoking chair cars and dining cars [illegible] at La Junta for New Mexico and [illegible] and at Burrton Kas for St. Louis and San Francisco railway and [illegible] ton Kas for Galveston Tex.

Trains Nos. 7 and 8 run through between Colorado Springs and Kansas City.

Trains Nos. 601 and 603 run [illegible] Denver and all points on the Colorado Midland and carry through Pullman sleepers [illegible] ists cars for California.

Trains 65 and 66 are the well known [illegible] running between Denver and Canon and connect at Pueblo with trains to and from Kansas City.

City ticket office Opera House block [illegible] phone 51. C. C. HOYT, Agent.

DENVER, TEXAS & FT. WORTH

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM.

NORTH BOUND

No. 22	Denver Express	3 00 p m

SOUTH BOUND

No. 22	Fort Worth Express	11 30 a m

BRANCH TRAINS.

No. 19	Arrive from Denver	12 30 p m
No. 21	Arrive from Pueblo	3 55 p m

To connect with New York steamers via New Orleans, leave Colorado Springs Sundays and Wednesdays at 11 30 a. m.

To connect with New York steamers via Galveston, leave Colorado Springs Sundays at 11 30 a. m.

Through tickets to New York via New Orleans and Cromwell Steamship line, and via Galveston and Morgan's Mail line.

Baggage checked to destination of ticket. Steamers sail from New Orleans Wednesdays and Saturdays from Galveston, Wednesdays.

Steamship tickets on sale to or from foreign countries via all principal lines.

For full information call or address

GEO. RIBLET, General Agent.

Or W. O. RICE, City Ticket Agent, No. 14 Pike's Peak avenue. Telephone No. 54.

COLORADO MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Depot.
April 29 1891.

Arrive from Denver	10.45 pm
Leave for Leadville, Aspen, Glenwood, Ogden and San Francisco	10.55 pm
Arrive from Leadville, Aspen, Glenwood, Ogden and San Francisco	4.05 am
Leave for Denver	4.15 am

Through tickets sold to all points west.

C. C. HOYT, Agent.

Suburban Time Table.

Colorado Springs, May 31 1891.

GOING WEST.

Leave—			
Colorado Springs	8.10 am	10.50 am	3.15 pm
Manitou	8.31	11.25	3.36
Manitou Iron Springs	8.35	11.24	3.41
Cascade	8.55	11.42	3.5?
Ute Park	9.02	11.49	4.0?
Green Mt. Falls	9.0?	11.5?	4.1?
Woodland	9.25	12.12 pm	[illegible]
Florissant		1.00	

COMING EAST.

Leave—			
Florissant		2.35 pm	
Woodland Park	9.15 am	3.49 pm	6.?? pm
Green Mt. Falls	9.40 am	4.05 pm	[illegible]
Ute Park	9.5? am	4.10 pm	[illegible]
Cascade	10.03 am	4.20 pm	[illegible]
Iron Springs	10.25 am	4.37 pm	[illegible]
Manitou	10.25 am	4.40 pm	[illegible]
Colorado Springs	10.45 am	5.05 pm	[illegible]

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

DEPART

No. 14	Vestibule limited to Chicago, Kansas City and St. Joe	7.45 p m
No. 16	Fast express to Chicago, Kansas City and St. Joe	7.40 a m
No. 15	Limited to Denver	9.3 a m
No. 35	" "	4.3 p m
No. 13	Limited to Pueblo	7.40 a m
No. 15	" "	7.35 a m

ARRI

No. 13	Vestibule Limited from Chicago	7.3 a
No. 15	Fast express from Chicago	2.00

No. 13 and 14 are solid vestibule trains between Chicago and Colorado Springs via St. Joseph and Kansas City without change. Tickets on sale and baggage checked through to all points east and west at 12 Pike's Peak avenue or Union depot.

W. W. WOOD, Ticket and Pass. Agent.

THE COLORADO SPRINGS RAPID TRANSIT RAILWAY.

TIME CARD.

MANITOU LINE.

Commencing at 6 am cars leave Pike's Peak avenue and Tejon street for Manitou every 15 minutes until 10.45 p. m. Last car leaves Manitou for Colorado Springs at 11.30 p. m.

CHEYENNE CANON LINE.

Commencing at 5.55 am cars leave Huerfano and Tejon streets for Cheyenne Canon every 30 minutes until 5.55 pm. The next cars leave at 6.55, 7.55 and 8.55. Last car leaves Cheyenne Canon for Colorado Springs and Roswell at [illegible] pm.

ROSWELL LINE.

Commencing at 6 am cars leave Moreno avenue and Tejon street for Roswell every [illegible] minutes until 9.15 pm. The next cars leave at 9.45, 10.00 and 10.45. Last car leaves Roswell coming south at 11.15 pm.

UINTAH STREET AND MORENO AVENUE.

Commencing at 6 am cars leave Moreno avenue and Tejon street for Uintah street every [illegible] minutes until 9.22 pm. The next cars leave at 9.37, 9.45, 10.00, 10.07, 10.22 and 10.45. Last car leaves Uintah street coming south at 11.30 pm.

AUSTIN BLUFF LINE.

Cars leave Huerfano and Tejon streets for Knob Hill at 6.30, 7.00 and 7.40 am. For Knob Hill and Austin Bluff at 8.15, 9.30, 10.45, 12.00, 1.15, 2.30, 3.45, 5.00, 6.15 and 7.30.

SPRUCE STREET LINE.

Commencing at 7.10 am cars leave Pike's Peak avenue and Tejon street for end of Spruce street every hour until 7.10 pm.

Commencing at 6.40 am cars leave Pike's Peak avenue and Tejon street for Deaf Mute Institute and Bellevue Sanitarium every hour until 7.40 pm.

A car will be at the A. T. & S. F. and D. & R. G. Ry. depots on the arrival of all trains between 7 am and 10 pm.

25,000
BEDDING PLANTS
Fresh Strawberry Plants.
FOR SALE AT
WM. CLARK'S.

BLACK MAGIC is quite distinct [illegible] hid [illegible] treasure. [illegible] the only scientific device [illegible] It combines Electricity, Magnetism, Chemical Affinity and attracts [illegible] ordinary magnet [illegible] Gold Magnet.
A. W. CHELLIS & CO.,
Lock Box [illegible], Truckee, Nevada County, Cal.

SUESS BROS
FIRST-CLASS
PLUMBING
A SPECIALTY
ARTISTIC
GAS
AND
ELECTRIC
FIXTURES.
1515 LAWRENCE ST.,
DENVER, COLO.
State Agents for the Thackara M'f'g Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.